

# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2248

and **BYSTANDER**

London  
July 26, 1944



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION  
IN THE  
UNITED KINGDOM

**FRIENDLINESS!**

**JOHN JAMESON**

Not a drop is sold  
till it's 7 years old

★ ★ ★ **WHISKEY**

**McVITIE & PRICE**

*Biscuits of Highest Quality*

**ROSS'S**

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER  
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE

*Gone to-day, but here to-morrow*

PLENTIFUL AGAIN  
WHEN VICTORY IS WON

**Presta**

BEVERAGES  
OF DISTINCTION

MINERAL  
WATERS  
AND  
CORDIALS

**PRHUM**  
*The Original  
West Indies APERITIF*

*For sweet breath*

*and pearly teeth-use*

**Euthymol**  
TOOTH PASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

**Bulmer's**

**CHAMPAGNE CIDER**



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

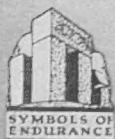
*Obtainable at all the best  
Hotels and Restaurants*

MADE BY THE AUTHENTIC  
CHAMPAGNE PROCESS



A valuable service to the allied cause is being rendered by those drivers who consistently maintain the *correct* pressure in their tyres and do not overload them. Avon urges *all* drivers to "carry on" with this important work.

**AVON**  
The Aristocrat of Tyres

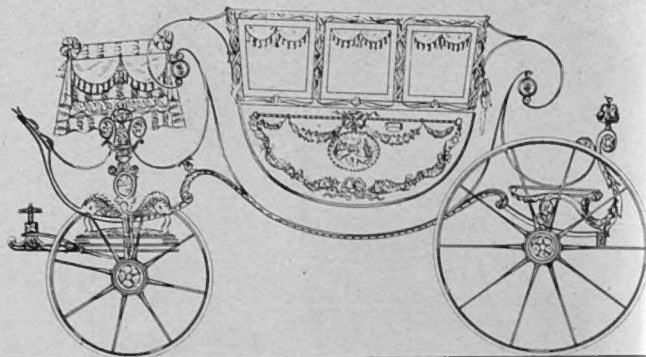


# Thrupp & Maberlu

Ltd.  
London

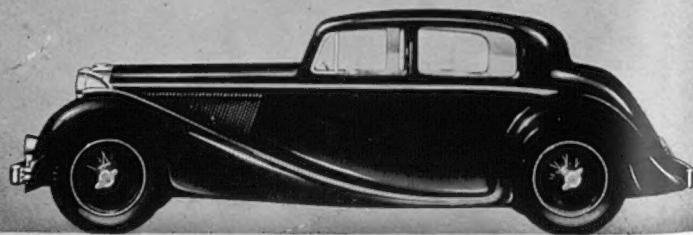
1760 - 1944

*Carriage Builders  
through the centuries*



*18th. Century Dress Coach by THRUPP*

*Jaguar*



*The finest car of its  
class in the world*



S. S. CARS LTD. COVENTRY

# THE TATLER

LONDON  
JULY 26, 1944

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXXIII. No. 2248



Mrs. David Wallace with Laura and Davina

Marcus Adams

Mrs. Wallace, before her marriage Miss Prudence Magor, is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Magor, of Springfield Lyons, Chelmsford, Essex. Her husband, Major David Wallace, 60th Rifles, is the eldest son of the late Captain Euan Wallace. His wife is living in the Garden Cottage of Langton Park, home of Mrs. Euan Wallace, and finds being a nanny to her two small daughters and running the house a full-time job



### Her Husband's Decorations

The English widow of Captain J. W. Wilkinson, of Pennsylvania, a U.S.A.A.F. pilot, who was killed in a flying accident, received her husband's decorations from Brigadier-General M. C. Woodbury, C.O., the 8th Fighter Wing, U.S.A.A.F., at a fighter station in Britain



### At An Open Air Investiture

Two of the R.A.F. pilots decorated recently by the King at a R.A.F. Tactical Air Force station in Southern England were G/Capt. J. Cunningham, night fighter, and G/Capt. P. L. Donkin. Cunningham received a second bar to his D.S.O.



### Ack-Ack Commander Records a Speech

General Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C.-in-C. Anti-Aircraft Command, recently accompanied twenty war correspondents to a gun site defending the area against flying bombs. Ian Wilson, of the B.B.C. War Reporting Unit, is seen recording a speech by the general



# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Defeat

THE Germans are facing defeat. Nothing can save them. They are being surrounded by superior mechanical forces. The weight of resources in men and material commanded by the Allies is overwhelming. What will the Germans do? Time is running out. There can be no long delaying actions in modern war when the initiative has gone. Speed is inevitable. If Hitler has his way he will fight to the very last German soldier. But will they continue to fight for him? Their hero worship must be wearing thin as they retreat first on one field of battle and then on another.

Equally the power of the Nazi overlords to compel obedience must be waning. In times such as Germany is now facing it is usually every man for himself. The Nazis may have done a lot of things to change Germany, but they cannot change human nature. The time is coming when somebody is going to produce a scapegoat for the terrible calamity which is falling on Germany.

## Blunders

HITLER is the man who is responsible for Germany's plight. He built up the Nazi empire on cruelty, bullying, greed, lust and false promises and now it is crumbling. He has made blunder after blunder. He sent the German legions into Russia to die, and now he has not sufficient aircraft in Italy and France to protect his soldiers. The German soldier resents this lack of protection more than anything else.

The German people must now know that Hitler has falsified all their hopes. No propaganda whitewash can wipe out his mistakes. They are all plain to see; and soldiers and civilians must think alike when everything is crashing about them. It is true that the Germans got rid of the Kaiser, but we must not forget that it was those around the Kaiser who sent him into exile and not the common people. The clique around the Kaiser sacrificed him to save themselves. The Kaiser never made the German people suffer as Hitler has done. Somebody near to Hitler is going to realize this fact before very long. At any moment Hitler may be face to face with his fate. The question which we cannot answer is: can he possibly survive the disasters which threaten Germany? I don't think that he can.

## Action

MR. ANTHONY EDEN has proclaimed once again that the British Government—in conjunction with the Allies—will insist on the unconditional surrender of Germany. There will be no bargaining beforehand. In these circumstances we assume that the only people who can ask for an armistice will be the German General Staff. As the war reaches its climax in the next few weeks it is conceivable that the Allies will find it necessary to elaborate Mr. Eden's declaration. Unconditional surrender is regarded as the only means by which the Allies can retain freedom of action to impose the terms they have agreed between themselves shall govern the defeat of Germany.

## Timing

WHEN General Montgomery's men broke through the German defences before Caen it was still a toss-up whether he would get to Paris before General Alexander captured Florence or the Russians besieged Koenigsberg. General Montgomery had timed his operation most carefully, and probably had made up his mind on the date he would reach Paris. Everything was in order when he gave the command to advance, and the military machine which he had built up in spite of many difficulties



### Air Vice-Marshal Charles Valin

The Commander of the French Air Force in Britain was recently appointed Delegate of the French National Commission for Air in Northern France. He is also Assistant Chief of the French General Air Staff and head of the Air Mission in London

ties moved with the clockwork precision of perfect co-ordination.

The Germans cannot have been taken completely by surprise. They had failed by their counter-attacks to take the initiative from General Montgomery, and they must have known what was coming. What they may not have known was the strength of the attack. The powerful forces which had been assembled in the most adverse weather conditions were a tribute to the skill of the Allied planners and organizers. The German failure to prevent the landing in Normandy was a triumph of the first importance for the Allies. The full story of how this triumph was achieved has yet to be told, for it will be a principal feature in any history book.

## Blows

IT seems to me at this moment of writing that the inevitability of General Montgomery's blow is equalled only by the certainty of the coming sledge hammer attacks of the Russians. They have forced the Germans back into East Prussia, but I doubt whether they will follow

them far into that part of German territory at this stage. East Prussia has many defensive advantages which the Russians may not wish to force for the time being. I predict that as the northern drive slackens—as it must—the southern sector will burst into full activity, and the Germans will be faced with new threats.

#### Crisis

THE dismissal of Tojo—for it seems no less—from the command of all the Japanese forces is the first factual indication to support the persistent optimism regarding the Far East war which has prevailed more in Washington than in London. Tojo's lament about the loss of Saipan must have been a terrific shock to the Japanese people. Like the Germans they have been fed on propaganda promises. Like the Germans they now face the brutal truth. They are losing the war; defeat lies ahead.

General Yoshijiro Umezu may be a fire-eating war lord, but he cannot produce ships, guns and aeroplanes in a beleaguered country where raw materials are running out, and without these mechanics of modern war the bravest soldier cannot fight. There are some people who are prepared to wager that the Japanese will throw in their hands before the Germans; if that means that the Japanese are hoping to get easy terms, they cannot appreciate the determination to smash them which exists in London and Washington.

#### Precedent

THERE is no precedent for any presidential candidate, least of all a president in office, broadcasting to the people of the United States from a foreign country. But this is what President Roosevelt is expected to do. So far he is running his election campaign true to form. Having left the Chicago convention of the Democrats in no doubt that he wanted Mr. Henry Wallace to be the vice-presidential nominee, Mr. Roosevelt literally turned his back on the ordinary political campaigning tricks which the average American knows and enjoys.

There were many fairly well authenticated rumours that at one time Mr. Wendell Willkie might have been invited by the Democrats to be their vice-presidential nominee. Apparently Mr. Willkie was not ready to accept. All the



#### Directing Allied Air Forces Operations and Plans

*Air Vice-Marshal Stephen Charles Trafford, C.B.E., D.F.C., is seen at work in his caravan headquarters. He was appointed Chief of Operations and Plans, H.Q., Allied Expeditionary Air Force in June, and promoted Air Vice-Marshal. Earlier in the war he commanded an advanced operational H.Q. of the British Air Forces in France, and was a member of the Joint Staff Mission in Washington in 1942*

same he believes—according to a friend just home from New York—that Mr. Tom Dewey will get a sound beating at the polls. On the other hand, there are some acute observers of the American scene who are not quite as sure. They have a feeling that Mr. Dewey may spring a surprise by collecting a substantial number of votes which will confound much of the

prevailing optimism of President Roosevelt's supporters.

#### Adjournment

PARLIAMENT is soon to adjourn for a short summer recess, and many Members believe that when they return to Westminster the chances of a General Election will have been advanced considerably. All the parties are making their preparations on the assumption that if the Germans are defeated this year Mr. Churchill will decide to make an appeal to the country at once, without waiting for the conclusion of the war against Japan.

Politicians believe that he will try and persuade the Labour Party to remain in the coalition in order to form a government of National Reconstruction, but this may not be as easy as it sounds. Within the Labour Party there are many divergent views, and the loudest voices are all in favour of withdrawing from the Government and fighting the election as a separate party. This would put Ministers like Mr. Clement Attlee, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Ernest Bevin in a quandary. They have a feeling of great loyalty for Mr. Churchill, but their party ties are equally strong. It remains to be seen if they can swing the Labour Party to their way of thinking that national unity will be as essential—if not more so—when the war is won as it is now.

#### Rumours

AT Westminster there are rumours that General Montgomery plans a political career when the war is over. Since his return from Italy, and before going to Normandy, he spent plenty of time studying the programmes of the various parties. He is said to have decided finally to join the Liberal Party. If this proves to be true he will be no small pebble in the pool of politics!



#### General Montgomery Meets French Leaders

*M. F. Coulet, recently appointed Regional Commissioner of the French Provisional Government in Normandy, with General Koenig, visited General Montgomery at his headquarters in France. General Koenig, hero of Bir Hakim, and formerly Chief French Liaison Officer at General Eisenhower's H.Q., is now C.-in-C. the French Army of the Interior*

# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Ways of Escape

By James Agate

NOWADAYS every one is crying out to get away from the war on stage and screen, which, of course, should encourage the escapist film. Reading over some old notes and notices the other day I happened on the very thing. This was an old musical comedy about the Rockies entitled *Lumber Love*. There are all kinds of lumber, but this kind should appeal to all our escapists. And here is the idea for the film to be made out of it.

A YOUNG woman buys a lumber forest for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and, because of a hitch in the deal, must marry the only man in the Canadian Rockies she cannot abide. (Art thou there, Loretta? Wilt thou come hither, Gary?) As the lyric writer puts it:

Someday perhaps you'll  
Change your mind,  
And see my point  
Of view.

You must agree that every word of this exquisite poem calls for music by Messrs. Izenkratz, Suppheimer, Mosenthal and all the other geniuses of Tin Pan Alley.

BUT to proceed. We now get a long dramatic recitative which goes something as follows: "What's this I hear? That check with which you was to have paid for two hundred and fifty thousand acres of lumber ain't materialized? Then my previous option holds good. What have yer got to say to that, huh?" What I have to say personally is that Handel, Mozart and Mendelssohn all lumbered together could not have coped with these words, nor could Rubini, Garcia, and Lablache, singing as one man, have delivered them satisfactorily.

But the piece abounds in gems of unconscious humour, as when the hero turns to a number of guests at a Montreal evening party and bids them

Prate not to me  
Of the open sea—

Here, surely, is the stuff for Cole Porter, although the actual tunes in the original were excellent, and have been excellent ever since musical comedies were. Every note foretells the next, and it is a sure sign of felicity in an audience when it can read a composer's mind a bar ahead. It is only the finical and the precious who will complain of the complete absence of musical interest.

BUT to return to the story as I remember it. There was a delicious moment when the heroine entered veiled in elephant-breath tulle, and the sun was so shocked that it at once set behind the Rockies to harps and clarinets. On another occasion the spirit was unexpectedly refreshed and that was when an actor—can it have been Bobby Howes?—blanketing his loins and elfing his hair in knots, gave a very reasonable imitation of Poor Tom and said wistfully: "I'm just a story that didn't come true." And since his interlocutor didn't seize on to this, the actor said: "I'm just bug-house, you can tell the world!" Come now, isn't all this just splendid? Isn't it the purest, neatest, most escapist film stuff? Rouse yourselves, producers! Come out of that summer slumber, directors! Set to, get busy, and give us quickly the film version of *Lumber Love*.

*It Happened Tomorrow* (London Pavilion) is also an escapist. It is, moreover, a film with a moral. This is that it is better to be content with the

present rather than seek to peer into the future. The film opens with a golden wedding. Larry Stevens (Dick Powell) would very much like to hear an amazing story of his youth: his wife (Linda Darnell) objects. But he has his wish, and the rest of the film flashes back to the 'nineties. Here Larry is a promising journalist on the staff of the (presumably) *New York Evening News*. He has been made a reporter and is celebrating the occasion with some colleagues. And now appears a curious old man, known as Pop (John Philliber), who is a pensioner of the paper. Anticipating *Dunn's Theory of Time*, Pop holds that "time is not reality; time is an illusion—tomorrow's newspaper is no greater mystery than today's."

TO prove this, our ancient presents Larry with tomorrow's paper! You can imagine in what a maze of tomfoolery this is going to lead us. Jack Oakie, not very well disguised as an Italian clairvoyant, now appears with his lovely daughter Sylvia, later to be Mrs. Stevens. But his predictions fall very flat compared with the revelations of Larry gleaned from tomorrow's "bladder," as the one and only Damon would say. These revelations include such stupendous prophecies as the names of the winners in today's races, and of course Larry at once has a lot of potatoes.

BUT now the moral appears. Pop, who has become a ghost, is seen again and Larry demands, yea snatches, next day's paper. But in this a dreadful event casts its shadow before Larry is going to be shot the same evening. And at the St. George's Hotel. This bit of revelation takes all the go out of Larry, and although he has arranged to marry Sylvia, and in fact does marry her, his face is more funereal than the nuptial. However, it all comes right in the end, as we knew from the fact of the golden wedding that it must. The celebrants embrace, the curtains close, and we leave the theatre more resolved than ever to let all clairvoyant soothsayers and crystal-gazers severely alone, races or no races, and to wait in patience for what new lie Dr. Goebbels will print next.

THIS is a René Clair film, and although once or twice in the near past he has a little disappointed us, this time he lives up to his reputation. And, of course, the 'nineties are an ideal medium for the superb photography, the fantastic twists and turns, semi-lights and demi-shades, and all those angles and twirls and vignettes and silhouettes in which this master of crepuscular nuance excels. Here is old New York and to me, who have only a bowing acquaintance with the modern New York, it looked real enough. The dim lighting lent a beauty to the buildings which our garish modern electricity can never give.

THE acting is uniformly good. It was in the nature of a relief to see a film with only two well-known people in the cast, the rest consisting of players many of whom I cannot remember to have seen before. John Philliber, of course, one recalls; that kind, quizzical face, like some toothless old gnome, could never be forgotten. But Linda Darnell is newish to me, and I salute her as a very handsome young woman indeed; and if in her next film the director gives her something to act, I feel she'll do it swell. Finally, who are those admirable old boarding-house gossips, who haven't more than about three words to say but keep us in shrieks of laughter during a nocturnal escapade which seems to have come straight out of *Pickwick*? Emma Dunn as the landlady we know: but who are the pensionnaires? To them, whoever they are, I send my love and congratulations.



Pat Kirkwood's First Starring Film Just Escapes The Doodles

Saved from the wreckage of Teddington Studios after a direct hit from a flying bomb was the new Warner Bros. film, "*Flight from Folly*," produced by Max Wilder. The film, in which Pat Kirkwood stars with Tamara Desni and Hugh Sinclair, was saved intact. Fortunately it had been completed just five days before the bomb fell, otherwise casualties might have been heavy, for in one scene alone—the grand finale of the film—250 extras are employed. The set on which Tamara Desni, Pat Kirkwood and Hugh Sinclair are seen above was completely destroyed

# "It Happened Tomorrow"

René Clair's Theory of the Illusion of Time

●René Clair's *It Happened Tomorrow* is reviewed by James Agate on the facing page. Pop Benson, aged pensioner of New York's *Evening News*, is mysteriously empowered to produce twenty-four hours in advance a copy of tomorrow's paper. He befriends a young reporter, Larry Stevens, and gives him the benefit of his knowledge. Larry only becomes aware of the disadvantages of this when he reads in advance of his own death. Fortunately it proves to be a case of mistaken identity and Larry survives to spend fifty happy years or more with his clairvoyant bride, the Enchanting Sylvia of the Gigolini and Sylvia "Know Your Future" Act



Larry goes to see the "Know Your Future" Act of the Great Gigolini (Jack Oakie) and the Enchanting Sylvia (Linda Darnell). He falls in love with Sylvia and succeeds in making a lunch date with her



Left: The escapades of Larry and Sylvia get them into embarrassing situations and succeed in precipitating their marriage

Old Pop Benson (John Philliber) explains his theory that time is an illusion — tomorrow's newspaper is no greater mystery than today's — to young Larry Stevens (Dick Powell), a newly fledged reporter



With the help of the mysterious Pop Benson, Larry is able to foretell the news of the following day. He turns in a full story of the big hold-up at the Opera House within a few minutes of its occurrence



With the information Larry gets from Pop he wins £60,000 at the races. The disadvantages of knowing the future, however, become apparent when Larry reads in advance of his own death

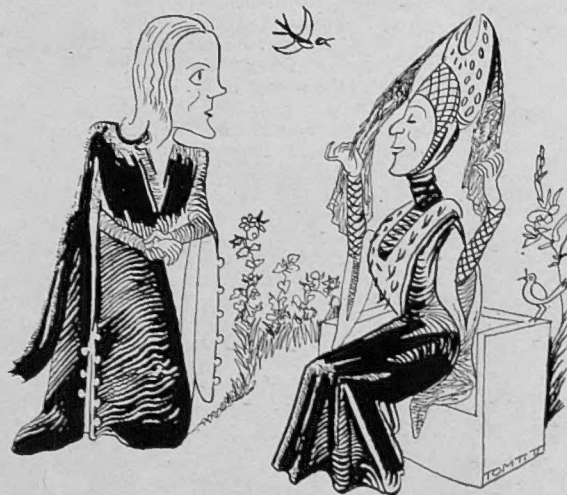
# The Theatre

"Twelfth Night" (Open Air, Regent's Park) By Horace Horsnell

LONG experience has taught me that pastoral playgoing can be anything but an idyllic pastime. There is something about our protestant climate that irritates those pagan deities who ought to patronize classic pleasures, instead of imposing on them the hazards of long-planned picnics. Pastoral players, too, have much to contend with, from the counter-distractions of nature herself, to the rigours of rude Boreas and the unsporting attitude of Jupiter Pluvius. In my time I have cowered through *Comus* in a deluge, and shivered through much allfresco Shakespeare. So let me hasten to say that the performance of *Twelfth Night*, which I saw in Regent's Park the other afternoon, seemed, if only by contrast, a flawless beauty.

Not only did the sun shine with sustained discretion, but both Boreas and Jupiter Pluvius appeared to have taken the afternoon off, or were enjoying celestial siestas. Moreover, there were neither moths in the limelight nor echoes in the amplifiers to distract. And since so much of the action of this lovely comedy passes in a garden, the setting of the open-air stage was not incongruous.

The performance, indeed, had something of the charm of village cricket, and you know how pleasant that can be to watch. The players were mostly old friends. The guest batsman from London, so to speak, was Mr. Ernest Thesiger, who scored a century as Malvolio. Not only was he in good form, but suited the team to a T. Cunningly placed in the slips (still so to speak) were three experts of the Dolmetsch school who rendered sweet Elizabethan airs on what I imagine to have been fair copies of Tudor instruments—viol da gamba, recorder, and virginals—and added delight both to the scene and the action.



Viola: "Good madam, let me see your face."

Olivia: "Look you, sir . . ."

Thea Holme as Viola, Lydia Sherwood as Olivia

How properly the old play opens. The amorous duke's: "If music be the food of love, play on!" is not only the perfect prelude, but sets the key which the play maintains. For what is *Twelfth Night* but a romantic epithalamium—or what you will? And here was a team of players to whom Shakespeare was no stranger and the speaking of his verse, even in the open air, no handicap.

Serenely, and with a musical obbligato that might well have drawn three souls out of any weaver who happened to hear it, the lucid love story of Viola and her obtuse duke was unfolded. The players, becomingly dressed, made their entrances and exits without having



Malvolio: "I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby . . ."

Ernest Thesiger as Malvolio, Steward to Olivia



Sketches by  
Tom Titt

Russell Thorndike as Sir Toby Belch, Stanford Holme as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Douglas Campbell as Orsino, Duke of Illyria, and Jan van der Gucht as Feste in Robert Atkins's production of *The Stanford Holme Company in "Twelfth Night"*

to run those marathons from wings to stage and back again which, of old, were such a handicap to grace and decorum. The stage itself has become professional too, and is now an allfresco setting, rather than an incipient and somewhat self-conscious botanical garden.

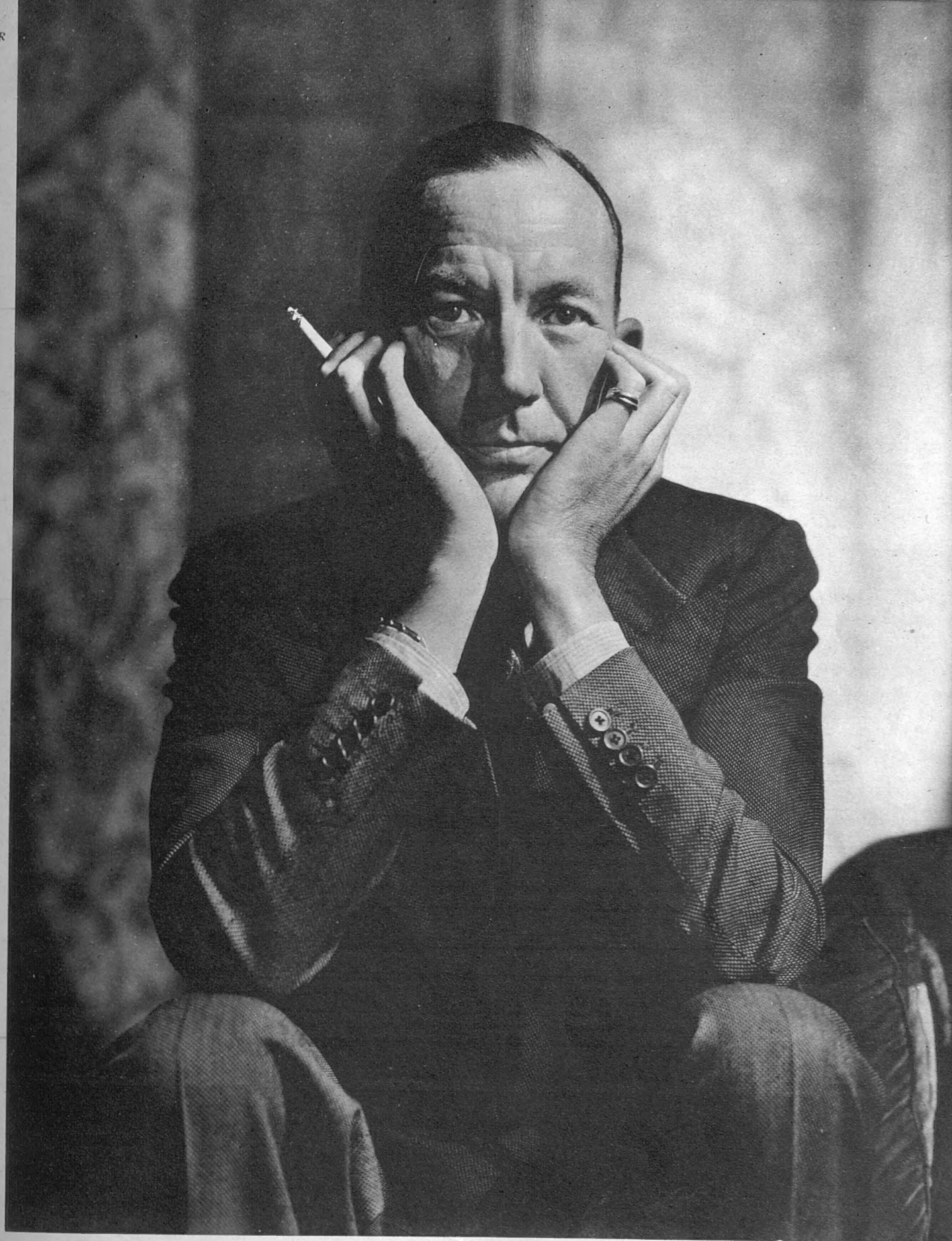
Even Sir Toby's midnight carousal with Sir Andrew which, owing to pastoral exigencies, has to become a noonday picnic, gave no more hostages to art than nature was able to redeem. And apart from such seeming incongruities as the outraged intrusion of Malvolio in his nightshirt, and the flourishing of lighted candles in broad sunshine, the rivalry that was inevitable between the play's text and the plein-air actuality was at no time bitter.

THE garden scenes were delightful. The acting honours, I thought, were carried off by Mr. Thesiger, a Malvolio of rare quality, and Miss Lydia Sherwood, an Olivia of excellent grace. Mr. Thesiger seems to bring to each part he plays, whether grave or farcical, the considered seriousness of an artist, and is never complacent or glib. His Malvolio is admirably humorous and has a fine

distinction. Miss Sherwood's Olivia has breeding and assurance, and is among the best Olivias I have seen.

Then there is Mr. Russell Thorndike's broader manner, making irresistible faces, and as patently enjoying the fun of Sir Toby as he richly imparts that pleasure to us. Mr. Stanford Holme's Sir Andrew is a true Aguecheek; and these foolish knights are abetted by Miss Emma Trechmann's gay, quick-witted, personable Maria. The Feste of Mr. Jan van der Gucht is notably sweet-voiced, and sings in the open air like a bird.

There remains Viola herself, played by Miss Thea Holme who also directed the production: a sensible and sensitive young Elizabethan lady, as ready to don doublet and hose as to conceal the pangs of love-at-first-sight in the service of an Elizabethan plot; well-spoken, if perhaps a shade more practical than poignantly romantic.



Karsh, Ottawa

## Noel Coward: Actor, Author, Playwright and Producer

For many years the wit and poignant truth of Noel Coward's writings have delighted and enthralled his countless admirers not only in these islands but all over the world. Mr. Coward is a remarkable man; his gifts are legion, and it seems that anything he turns his hand to he does well. At the moment he is in India. He left this country last year and went to South Africa, where he toured the Union, tirelessly entertaining men of the Allied Forces in camps and hospitals. From Africa he went to India; he visited the outposts of the Burma front and returned to give concerts in Calcutta, New Delhi and Bombay. Before he left England, Noel Coward personally supervised the casting and script of *This Happy Breed*—film version of the play in which he himself appeared at the Haymarket in May 1943. Another of his plays is on the floor now. It is *Blithe Spirit*, which is being made in Technicolor, with Constance Cummings, Kay Hammond, Rex Harrison, Margaret Rutherford, Joyce Carey and Hugh Wakefield in the cast



Miss Angela Jackson and Lord Buckhurst dined together at the Bagatelle. He is Earl De La Warr's elder son; his younger brother was reported missing in 1943



Swaebe

### Recent Diners-Out in Two London Restaurants

Dining out at Ciro's, Miss Georgina Wernher, elder daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, was being entertained by Prince Philip of Greece, in naval uniform

# On and Off Duty

## A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

### Introduction

SOCIAL activities have of necessity fallen into the background these days. Flying bombs and the varying degrees of safety offered by one type of shelter as against another have displaced cricket scores and the *dernier cri* as the national topics of conversation.

The King and Queen setting, as always, a wonderful example to their peoples, have gone quietly about their various duties, devoting their time to one or two special aspects of the war. Indeed, an historian of the future, reading through the past files of the Court Circular, would find in them a very accurate

reflection of the things which absorbed public interest in the summer of 1944.

### Royal Visit to A.-A. Command

FEW of their wartime visits have proved of more lively interest for Their Majesties than the day they spent visiting various batteries of the A.-A. Command, which are engaged on the not-so-easy task of destroying the evil flying missiles in mid-career: so much so, in fact, that the King, normally a stickler for strict adherence to the time-table, willingly agreed to the suggestion of Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, G.O.C.-in-C. of the A.-A. Command,

that they should stay long after the pre-arranged time for leaving the gun site. As one member of the Royal Party remarked, it would have been much happier had no flying bombs been sighted at all, for obviously no one, least of all the King and Queen, wants a single bomb to come and cause destruction. But come they did, irrespective of the wishes of anyone and for Their Majesties, who so often see mock battles and practice shooting, it was a thrilling experience to be with their gunners in real and earnest action against the enemy, and the only regret the King had—shared to the full by General Pile and the men and women in the guns' crews—was that more of the targets were not brought down. Neither the King nor the Queen put on the steel helmets offered for their use during the action, which lasted with intervals, for just on three hours.

### And to the Second Tactical Air Force

ANOTHER "front line" visit by Their Majesties was to two R.A.F. stations of the Second Tactical Air Force, where the King continued the practice he recently revived of decorating R.A.F. personnel, if not in the field, at least



### Princess Helena Victoria with Y.M.C.A. Men

Princess Helena Victoria, who in 1914 founded the women's organisation of the Y.M.C.A., recently visited Y.M.C.A. mobile men before they left for Normandy. The Princess is now President of over 160,000 women working in Y.M.C.A. centres in Britain and abroad



### A Royal Visit to Holiday Volunteer Land Workers

The King and Queen talked to women workers hoeing mangolds on Mr. J. Findlay's farm, when they visited a Ministry of Agriculture volunteer camp in the Home Counties. Later Their Majesties sat down to tea with the workers



Richardson, Worcester  
**Competing in a Charity Gymkhana**

The Countess of Dudley was a competitor in the open jumping event at a gymkhana at Crown East, Worcester, organised in aid of the local Forces Fund. She rode Air Mail, a horse belonging to Mr. W. Tate, seen with her here



Stockel, Halifax  
**A Yorkshire M.P. and His Family**

Mr. M. S. McCorquodale, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour and M.P. for Sowerby, with his wife and daughters, Susan and Prudence, were photographed at the opening of a Salute the Soldier Week

on their own airfields. One officer, G/Capt. P. G. Wykeham-Barnes, who commands a formation of the deadly Mosquitoes, had the very rare experience of leading his aircraft into action over France only an hour or two after shaking hands with the King when he was decorated with the D.S.O., and many other pilots invested by His Majesty were in the air again within a very few hours.

#### Lord Clarendon's Deputy

ON this last occasion it was W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, the King's "active service" Equerry, himself the holder of the D.S.O. and the D.F.C. and Bar for brilliant operational work with R.A.F. Bomber Command, who acted for the first time in place of Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain, and announced the name of each recipient and the honour or decoration concerned, as those to be decorated passed one by one before the King. At most of the previous Investitures held away from the Palace, it has been the Private Secretary, or Assistant Private Secretary in attendance who has deputised for Lord Clarendon, and in asking W/Cdr. Townsend

to perform this duty His Majesty paid a compliment to the R.A.F. which was obviously greatly appreciated by the Service.

#### New Lady-in-Waiting

LADY MARY PALMER's appointment as Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth had been expected some little time, though it was not until a few days before the official announcement that the final decision was made by the King and Queen. For the present, Lady Mary's chief duties will be to accompany the Princess in attendance, at the increasing number of public engagements which H.R.H. will be carrying out this year, and, for the next few weeks, twenty-three-year-old Lady Mary, who has had no previous experience of Court life, will go with the Princess to various private functions, till she becomes thoroughly accustomed to Royal etiquette and regulations. Last week-end she stayed privately with Their Majesties and the Princesses in the country, as she has done on one or two previous occasions. A distinct similarity of tastes and views shared by the new Lady-in-Waiting and her Royal mistress may well be



Swaebe  
**M.T.C. Despatch-Rider**

Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, who has now been a member of the M.T.C. for three years, is the Countess of Cromartie's only daughter. Her elder brother, Major Viscount Tarbat, is a prisoner of war



**Princess Margaret Makes Her First Speech**

The Queen, with her younger daughter, visited the Princess Margaret Rose School at Windsor. Princess Margaret received purses from present and past scholars for the fund for the enlargement of the school. She made a short speech and was presented with a bouquet of carnations

the foundation for a firm and lasting friendship, though Lady Mary has not previously been numbered among the circle of the close friends of the Princesses.

#### Appeal for Knitters

THE serious shortage of knitted comforts for men of the R.A.F. is the subject of an appeal now being made by Lady Sinclair, wife of the Secretary of State for Air. During the past five winters, over seven million woollen garments have been placed at the disposal of the R.A.F. Comforts Committee, but unfortunately the number of knitters has seriously decreased during the past two years, and volunteers are urgently needed. Obviously women these days have a tremendous lot of work of their own to do—domestic work, the calls upon their time for various forms of National Service and Civil Defence, and a hundred-and-one other things; still, if anyone has any time to spare they could use it to good purpose to help the men employed ceaselessly on operational flying, on air-sea rescue work, on flare-path tenders, guard duties, and so on and on.

(Concluded on page 120)



*A General View of the Match in Progress*



*Mr. R. W. Moore, Headmaster of Harrow, and Mr. C. A. Elliott, Headmaster of Eton, supported their respective teams in front-line seats*



*Mrs. Moncrieff, Mrs. Moore, wife of the Headmaster of Harrow, Mrs. M. C. Kemp and A. M. Moncrieff watched the match together*

## Perennial Fixture

*This Year's Eton and Harrow  
Cricket Match*



*The captains, H. A. Hely-Hutchinson (Eton) and T. G. H. Jackson (Harrow), toss after inspecting the wicket. Harrow won the toss*



*Above are J. R. Findlay, A. McCorquodale, Lt.-Cdr. Findlay, Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale and her daughter, N. J. Findlay and a friend*



*Col. Tower and Miss Tower were watching the play from comfortable chairs, with A. R. S. Tower*



A. N. Derrick, a Harrow player, sat with Mrs. Z. Upton, Mrs. S. M. Derrick and Capt. D. J. Upton. He was bowled by Stewart-Grey



H. A. Hely-Hutchinson, the Eton Captain, was Bowled by McCorquodale

● Eton beat Harrow by five wickets in the fifth wartime one-day match, played at Harrow on July 14th. Harrow won the toss, but took three hours to make 147. The Eton batsman, L. R. White, made 76 runs in his 90-minute innings, during which he hit six fours. When he was bowled by Arnott, Eton needed only 12 runs to win



P. F. Gardner Hill, an Eton player, is seen with his mother, Mrs. Gardner Hill, and Mr. Stuart Paton. Gardner Hill was run out



Lady Glendyne was at the match with her eldest daughter, the Hon. Moira Nivison, and her son, the Hon. Robert Nivison, who is at Harrow



Mr. and Mrs. Stewart-Grey were with their son, J. D. I. Stewart-Grey, an Eton bowler, and Mr. Fiennes



In this group are Capt. and Mrs. Allen, Philip Allen, Miss Hopkins and Col. Sherriiff. They brought a rug with them

# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

OF Franz von Papen, German Ambassador to Turkey, a sympathetic news-agency boy reported that his lined, sallow, jaded features looked even more tired the other day after the burning of vast quantities of secret documents by his Excellency for five nights before returning from Ankara to Istanbul.

A Foreign Office chap told us before the war that this task, familiar to all diplomats in a tough spot, is not so easy as it sounds to the booboisie. Thick masses of papers hurled on a Chancellery fire merely put it out. If, contrariwise, you burn each document separately, it takes a considerable time (secret cipher despatches on thick faintly-scented monogrammed handmade paper burn very slowly, for example). And when you've finished and gone the Chancellery head charwoman, who is in the pay of a rival Government, goes through the ashes thoroughly and picks out unburned bits containing vital information, such as:

"... love you terribly but I do want that dinky pearl neckl..."

"... ngstanding account, and unless we hear fr..."

"... Poopsy, but her real name..."

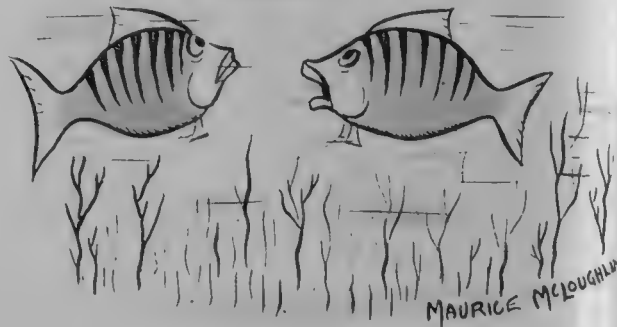
These fragments are carefully analysed by experts working all night in tall ornate buildings in a foreign capital, and that is how Governments' always know in advance what to do when a *pourparler* hits a *démarche* and turns into a *ballon d'essai*. The F.O.

chap might have told us more, but a hot game of corridor-cricket was in progress.

## Enigma

MEDITATING on Hitler's blood-purge at Munich (June 30, 1934, the "Night of the Long Knives"), a thoughtful chap was probably right in deducing that the truth about what led to that massacre will never be known, since all those—barring Hitler—who could reveal it were put beyond speech, and what documents remain in Nazi archives are obviously fakes and forgeries.

This goes for most of the big double-crosses of history, including the Casket Letters used by Elizabeth to kill Mary, Queen of Scots, the murky Gunpowder Plot dossier, and others. But there's one point the thoughtful chap overlooked, namely that although you may sometimes get at the truth when a suspect is plastered, you must keep him that way. A typical example is the enigmatic Major Esterhazy, who boasted in a Paris café to the *Morning Post's* correspondent, Rowland Strong, that he, Esterhazy, forged the *bordereau* or chit which condemned Dreyfus. Strong immediately got in touch with London for a signed world-scoop, but next morning Esterhazy had sobered up and violently denied it. He



"Did he ever tell you about his experience with the stirrup-pump?"

was later expelled from the French Army and lived and died (1923) at Harpenden (Herts.) which looks pretty ominous and fishy, for who the devil would live and die at Harpenden (Herts.) unless he had to?

## Theory

OUR theory is that being a notorious crook, Esterhazy may have been scared of fooling with the *Morning Post*. Sobering up and knowing well that a paper read exclusively by peers would never have heard of Harpenden (Herts.), he went to earth there to escape the vengeance of the *Morning Post* boys, whose glossy toppers (by Lock and exquisite frockcoats (by Poole) were as dreadful to evil-doers as Jack Ketch's wig to a highwayman. No man ever fooled the *Morning Post* and lived, which is why that famous Kipling-poem hoax was wished on the *Times*.

## Garden

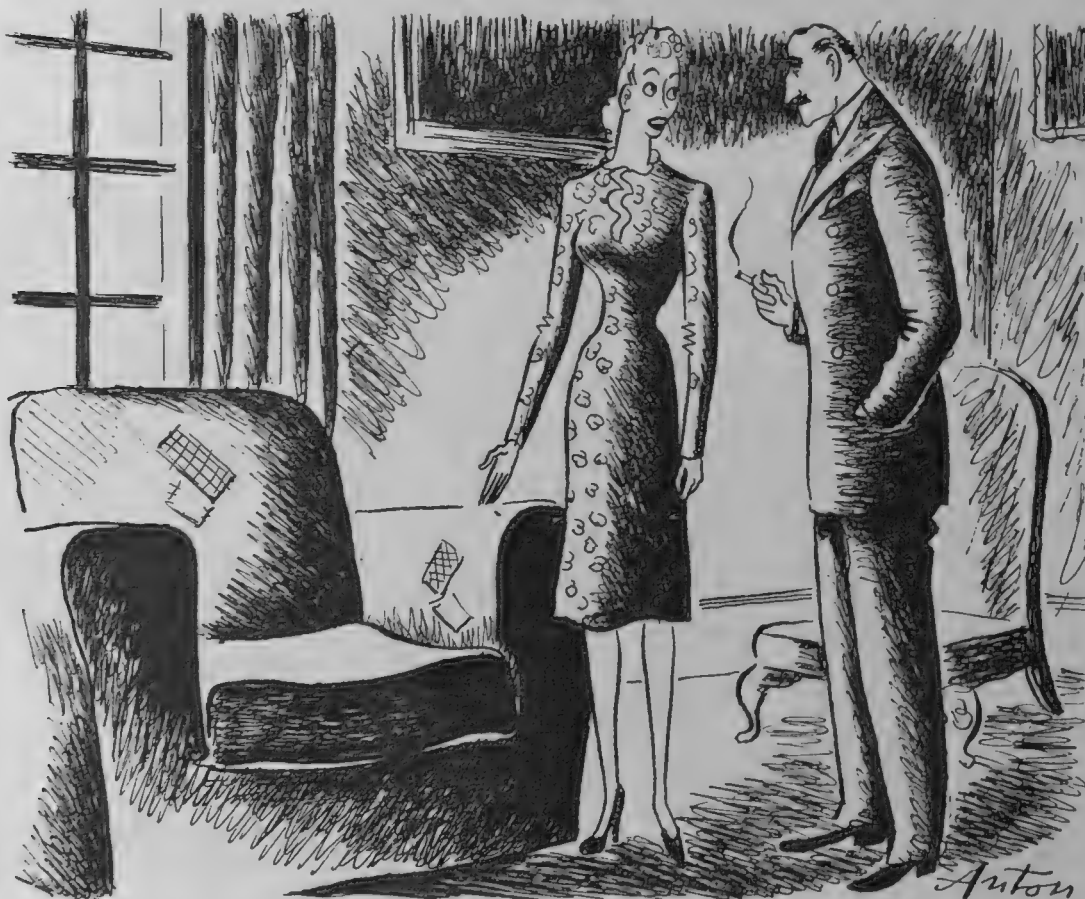
THAT flying bomb which fell on the Bankruptcy Court, destroying important documents and greatly distressing the City, moved one of the gossip-boys to describe Carey Street as "depressing," but is it?

A chap we knew who took chambers in New Court, Lincoln's Inn, at the western end of Carey Street, in order to save a taxi-fare if necessary, used to claim that this street was one of the pleasantest in London. It contains, he pointed out, a small village pub, a teashop, and a silversmith's shop, enabling you to have a drink and buy a girl a bangle and a bun on the way. There's also a charming house, seemingly Jacobean, next door to the Bankruptcy Court, and this chap swore that beautiful flushed women leaned from the windows, tossing red roses to gentlemen eminent in the City and the West End theatre world as they swept by periodically to interview the Official Receiver before going on to starve at the Savoy. This may be untrue. What is true is that New Court is full of lawyers, and this chap said they smelt delicious, like freezias, intoxicating and exquisite.

## Footnote

MOST lawyers smell like fresh-picked Parma violets, though in a firm of solicitors called (say)

(Concluded on page 110)



"We must have some new patches; these are so shabby"

# Two Little Girls and Their Mother

Lady Tichborne with Anne  
and Miranda



Lady Tichborne in V.A.D. Uniform



Lady Tichborne stands below a portrait of herself, painted by the late Lord Plunkett



Tichborne Old Rectory,  
Alresford

● Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne has been abroad for over three years, serving with the Armoured Brigade. Meanwhile his wife and daughters have been living at Tichborne Old Rectory, on his estate in Hampshire. Their home is Tichborne Park, Alresford. Lady Tichborne, formerly Antonia Snagge, and a daughter of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge, looks after her children, does the housework, and works as a V.A.D. She is a qualified nurse. Anne and Miranda are now six and three years old

Photographs by  
Swaebe

Right: Anne and Miranda  
are no light weight for  
one rocking-horse to bear



Sir Anthony Tichborne's Wife and Daughters

# Standing By ...

(Continued)

Whackstraw, Whackstraw, Whackstraw, Bottleby, Gridge, Fossicks, Owl bath, Turmsey, Rumbelgutz, and Whackstraw there's generally one Whackstraw of more cloying fragrance, maybe an Old Harrovian, who smells like Arum lilies. If the Law Society has bedded out, so to speak, a whole garden-full of legal freezias in New Court, no wonder you see so many chaps inhaling the summer breeze in Carey Street. Only a fool would mistake it for drains.

## Chum

ONE of Auntie Times's truculent little readers was calling for a pogrom the other day against the common house-fly, which shows how the old tenderness of the Race for flies has hardened into brutality.

From nursery days we vaguely remember a poem by a kind early Victorian gentleman beginning "Busy, curious, thirsty fly (something, something) sip as I," and inviting his tiny dumb chum to share his simple breakfast. Judging by an appalling lecture on the fly by an Army doctor many years later, which we also remember, that gentleman very soon went down with dysentery, smallpox, cholera, locomotor-ataxy, influenza, and hives. It didn't seem to inspire any further poem addressed to his buzzy friend, beginning:

Beastly, awful little fly  
I will sock you in the eye,  
Fussing over you, I guess,  
Got me in this present mess;  
Yesterday I burst a gasket,  
Hell to you, you little basket.

A little later a naturalist revealed that every time a bee looked at Queen Victoria it saw about 50 minute copies of Queen Victoria. Soon afterwards the rumour went round the Stock Exchange that a fly had outdone this insolence by actually perching on the R-y-l forefinger as it was pointing severely at Mr. Gladstone. Soon the Race was hating and despising flies like billy-ho, and now it massacres them without mercy. Naturally the fly is too small to interest Our Dumb Chums' League. Beetles, flies, and little actresses—you know.

## Ace

TO floor a West Country blow-hard who was alleging the other day that Essex has never contributed anything striking to Our Rough Island Story is too easy.

In the Age of Adiposity, Essex produced Britain's Largest Citizen, Mr. Edward Bright of Maldon, who died in 1760 at the age of 29, weighing 43½ stone, and is celebrated in countless contemporary prints, one of which we cherish. Though his face is kind and gentle, including all the chins, we don't doubt young Mr. Bright got bored at length with the connoisseurs, not to speak of the inquisitive ladies

of quality accompanying them. As an exercise in feminine deportment alone the scene must often have been fascinating.

"Come, Mr. Bright, be so obleging as to acquaint my Lady Rattle with the precise Circumference of your Belly in Inches."

"La, Sir! I hope the young Man is better bred!"

Here Lady Rattle performs Attitude 25 in the book of rules, turning aside with a faint scream and rapidly back again, the eyes half-closed.

"Stap me vitals, but your Ladyship's scientific Curiosity is vastly engaging! Hee, hee!"

Attitude 38. The fan is flicked open and held before the eyes, which are level with the peepholes.

"I vow you make me blush, you wicked Creature!"

Attitude 6. Fan lowered, closed, and tapped thrice on the offending arm with an expression of maidenly confusion, tempered with melting forgiveness (etc., etc.).

During all this girlish play, and much more, we guess Mr. Bright sat in his special oak chair completely dumb and expressionless, except for a dirty look at the connoisseur when poked in the ribs with a walking-cane. He employed no Press-agent. Essex



"Your company has had a most unsuccessful year, the only beach salvage coming to hand being two cases of sock suspenders, one crate of ski-ing boots, three stone hot-water bottles and a Mrs. Basil Hopkinson, of Regent's Park, N.W.8"

the front page once a week with him to-day.

## Complex

UNMARRIED tourist-ladies and visiting clergymen following with great delicacy in the track of Pierre Loti are to a large extent responsible in this country for that Japanese "paper-house" complex which, as the Washington authorities lately remarked, overlooks the vast, decentralised, cleverly-camouflaged industrialism of Japan, a far less easy air-target. These amiable globetrotters misled the Race for generations, quite innocently, with works entitled *The Lure of Cherry-Blossom Land* and *Journeys Among the Gentle Japs*, full of wellbred charm. What their mild eyes missed appears in that amusing recent novel by Thomas Raucat, *L'Honorable Partie de Campagne*; the sweated industrialism, the refined bawdiness, the menace behind the bobbing and bowing, and that colossal network of police-spying which enveloped every stranger in Japan from arrival to departure. The fanatic nationalism and Herrenvolk-complex the ladies also missed is in Claude Farrère's *L'Onzième Heure*. We ourselves came up against the secret smiling menace in those implacable eyes on a golfcourse in the Home Counties where some of the Japanese Embassy used to play. Just a glint now and again, like a stiletto-flash, showed what the cherryblossom boys were thinking. We didn't warn you at the time because we'd promised Myra not to upset Dusty's batting-average.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"My dear, someone's written the rudest things on the wall of this box!"

# Aspirants to Stardom

Three Young Hopes of  
the British Film Industry



Jean Kent in Italian Costume

Jean Kent is a comparatively new name in British films, but a great future is predicted for her. Born in London in June 1921, Jean got her first stage chance in 1933 at the Theatre Royal, Bath, when her mother, a ballet dancer, met with an accident and Jean literally stepped into her shoes. She appeared at the Windmill Theatre, starred in a show called "Apple Sauce," and is now under long-term contract to Gainsborough. Her films to date include "Fanny by Gaslight," "Two Thousand Women," and "Madonna of the Seven Moons."

Right: Margaret Lockwood, star of such well-known films as "Dear Octopus" and "The Man in Grey," was the only British woman film-actress to be chosen in the Motion Picture Herald popularity poll. By popular vote also she was given the award for the best woman's performance in British films for 1943. Her latest picture, which is on the floor now at Shepherd's Bush, is "A Place of One's Own," in which she will have the support of James Mason, Barbara Mullen and Dennis Price



Dulcie Gray, a Newcomer to Films

Dulcie Gray made a great impression on London audiences by her sensitive acting in "Brighton Rock," which was at the Garrick, and in "Landslide," at the Westminster. She came from Malaya in 1936 and spent several years in repertory before appearing on the London stage. Her first films, which will be seen soon, include "Two Thousand Women" and "Madonna of the Seven Moons." In private life Dulcie Gray is the wife of Michael Denison, actor, lyric writer and artist, who is now serving in the Army



Margaret Lockwood, Popularity Poll Award Winner



Lord Dilling (Jack Buchanan), attending a garden party given by Mrs. Cheyney, meets the butler, Charles (James Dale), and is struck by his resemblance to some former acquaintance



Lord Dilling finds plenty of amusement in the strange courtship of Lord Kelton (Austin Trevor) and Mrs. Cheyney (Coral Browne). In spite of the mystery surrounding Mrs. Cheyney's former life, Lord Kelton is unable to resist her fascination, and his friends are delighted to find that such a confirmed bachelor is at last falling in love



Lord Dilling's recollection of his last meeting with Charles leads him to suspect the intentions of both Mrs. Cheyney and her butler. He arranges to spend the night in Mrs. Ebley's bedroom, and so is on the spot when the beautiful crook, Mrs. Cheyney, steals in to take the famous pearls of her hostess. Rather than spend the night with Lord Dilling, Mrs. Cheyney summons the household and confesses her guilt

## "The Last

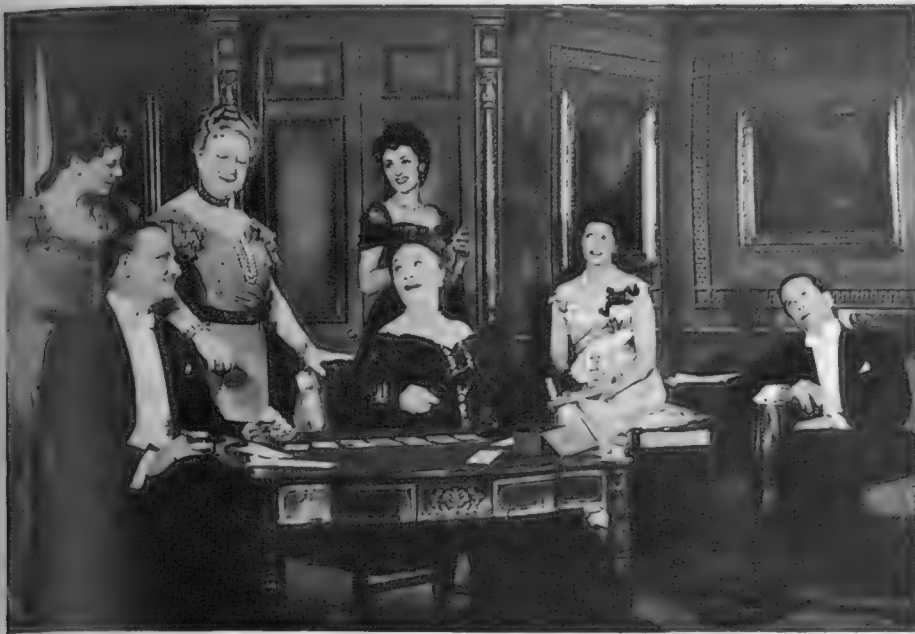
A Lonsdale Comedy

at the

● Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of London by storm way back in the Savoy Theatre, with Jack Buchanan, Sir Gerald du Maurier, and Coral Browne. The play has been admirably produced by Ernest Stern and painted by the



Next morning the outraged hostess and her friends are called to the door by Lord Kelton to his fiancée, telling her of the house-party. If they hand her over to the police, and shame to them all. They demand



The guests at the garden party are all invited down to Mrs. Ebley's country house for the week-end. Bridge and patience provide the evening's entertainment. (Anne Firth as Mary, Anthony Shaw as the Hon. Willie Wynton, Margaret Scudamore as Mrs. Ebley, Athene Seyler as Lady Frinton, Frances Rowe as Joan, Madge Compton as Mrs. Wynton, and Jack Buchanan as Lord Dilling)



Charles, Mrs. Cheyney's butler, arrives at Mrs. Ebley's house with a message for his mistress. His conversation with Joan is overheard by Lord Dilling, who suddenly realises where he has met Charles before

## Mrs. Cheyney"

revived by Firth Shephard  
at the Savoy Theatre

al life; *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, which took  
has been revived by Firth Shephard at the  
the role of Lord Dilling, originally created by  
owne as the beautiful impostor Mrs. Cheyney.  
by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, with scenery designed  
kers. Costumes are by Sophia Harris of Motleys

hs by John Vickers



Lady Frinton, find things are complicated by a letter written  
inside story and personal skeletons of each member of the  
this letter must become public property and bring ridicule  
Kelton shall pay handsomely for the return of his letter



Mrs. Cheyney proves less unscrupulous than was feared when she hands back Lord Kelton's cheque, as well as the letter, which she has already torn into a hundred pieces. She says good-bye to Charles, her butler and her partner in crime, for she finds her taste for such a life is gone. Lord Dilling, impressed by her courage, decides to make an honest woman of her. He asks her to be his wife



*Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison with Their Family*

## A Minister at Home

Mr. W. S. Morrison with His Wife and Four Boys in Gloucestershire

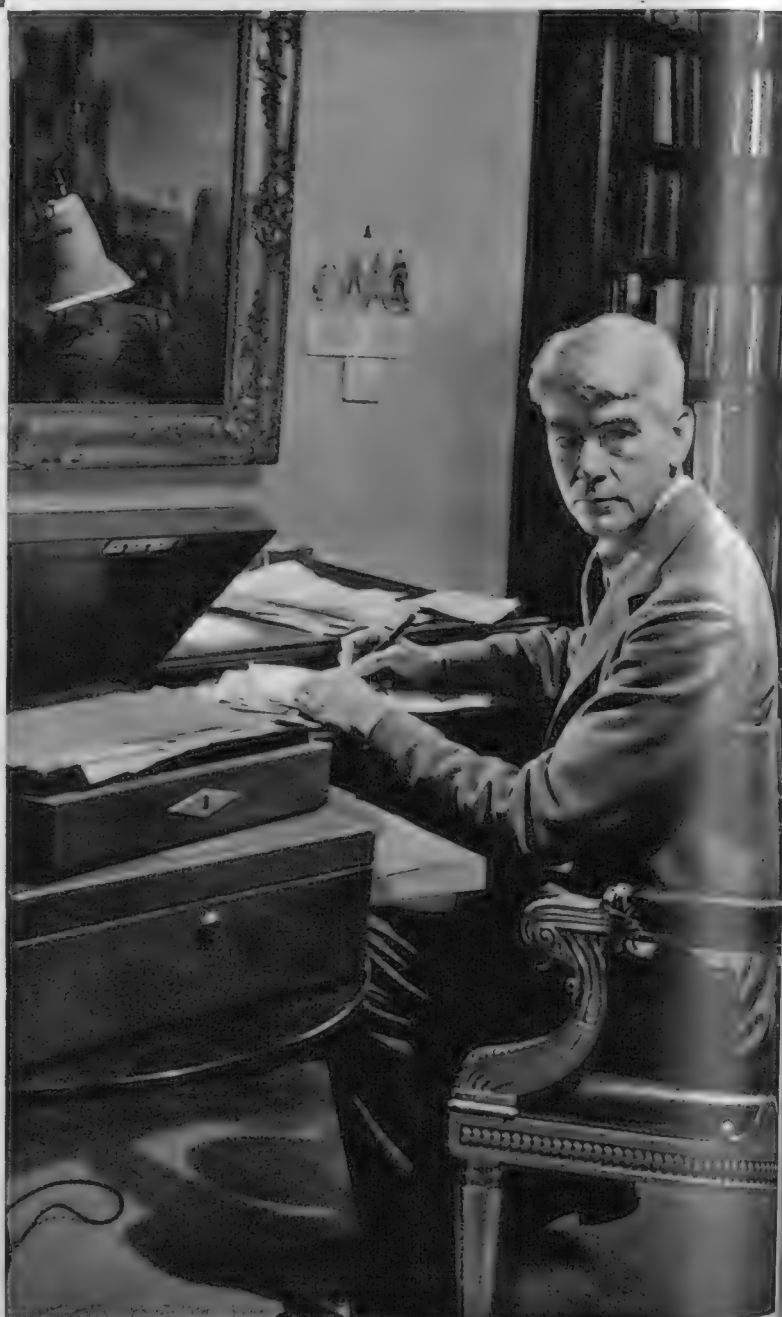
● The Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison, M.C., K.C., M.P., appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the newly-created Ministry of Town and Country Planning in February 1943, recently introduced into Parliament a Bill and a White Paper. Conservative M.P. for Cirencester and Tewkesbury since 1929, his previous posts include those of Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, Minister of Food, and Postmaster-General. He served during the last war in the R.F.A., was wounded and received the M.C. Called to the Bar in 1923, he was twice Private Secretary to the Solicitor-General, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Attorney-General, and Financial Secretary to the Treasury. These pictures show the Minister at home in Gloucestershire with his wife and four sons



*Mr. Morrison is a fine violinist, and with his son, Ronald, at the piano, and Alasdair with the piccolo, they form an excellent trio, and play music from Bach and Mendelssohn*



*The Manor House, Withington*



*Planning for the Future: the Minister at Work*

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## A Change of Bowling

**I**T sometimes gets wickets, and for the sake of the courageous literary owner, I hope that it will do so in the case of Happy Landing, who has now been placed under the care of Captain Percy Whitaker who, I verily believe, has forgotten more about that animal called a horse than most of us think we know. Happy Landing is to run in the Leger; he has been accorded a figure, 10 to 1, an honour not previously vouchsafed, and W. Nevett, who rode the Derby winner, Ocean Swell, has been retained, so business is meant! No one can perform miracles, but I feel that if anyone can turn this colt into a long-distance traveller, his new trainer is the man. I have a great respect for the views of our friend "Augur," of the *Sporting Life*, but I confess that I am unable to follow him when he says that if Happy Landing can reproduce his Derby form he "must hold a conspicuous chance," and then, that, if this colt were his, he would restrict his activities to sprinting. I am readier to agree with this last remark, because, as our friend knows well, the Derby, as run, and in spite of the time returned, all put on in the last 5 or 6 furlongs, was little better than a sprint. This fact discounts the value of all those in the fighting line at the finish.

## Gossip

**T**HERE has been more chatter about Happy Landing than about almost any other three-year-old, bar, perhaps, Tudor Maid. Early on we were told that he was not sound; later, that the soles of his feet were so thin that a gallop on hard ground would set up an attack of laminitis; later again, that he was touched in the wind and roared like a bull. None of these things is quite true, and one of them quite false. I have never been enamoured of him, because I prefer them lighter-topped; I did not like the way he "put them down," as the saying is, but then, so many horses give an imitation of a cat on hot bricks when the going is hard, but that is not unsoundness; I dare say that he has got thin-soled feet, and this is always an anxiety; but he is not gone in the wind. He makes a noise, but that does not mean that there is any real lung trouble.

The mistake is so often made between larynx and lung. Both cause what is popularly called "roaring," but whereas one will yield to surgical treatment, the other will not. Two German vets., the Gunthers of Hanover, discovered as long ago as 1845 that the larynx trouble, which causes a horse to make a noise, is paralysis of the muscles which separate the vocal cords, and thus bring the arytenoid cartilages into close contact with the thyroid ones, all these round and about the top of the larynx. In language which you and I understand better, they are causing a traffic jam in the animal's breathing-tube. I am not going to set out the details of the three operations which the Gunthers tried before arriving at success, but merely state that they did so, and that years later an English vet. copied their operation and claimed it as his own. Probably, if Happy Landing had been "Gunthered" early on when his musical tendency was first discovered, it would have been a very good thing.

## Arravale, etc.

**T**HE new trainer of Happy Landing will always be associated in my mind with the gallant attempts of Arravale over Aintree and with the bad luck of his pilot. There was no better man between the flags than Captain Percy Whitaker at the peak of his career, when he was top of the Corinthian averages and was winning National Hunt Chases on Rory O'Moore and Count Rufus, as well as many other things of less importance. He sat there just right and had the kind of hands which a secure perch usually produces, though, naturally, there are many other necessary ingredients to "tact" on the other end of the strings. He always excited my admiration and made me think of Bill Beresford, Count Carl Kinsky and Johnnie McKie. Anyone who ever saw them will understand. They were the antitheses of the monkey on a stick; so was Captain Whitaker. For this, if for no other reason, I wish the new trainer the best of luck with his new charge in the Leger, and may he send him out a winner. Incidentally, Captain Whitaker was formerly a well-known and popular Master of Hounds: the Essex and Suffolk and the Oakley.

## Nerves and Nerve

**T**HEY are entirely different the one from the other, and neither of them is necessarily connected with a lack of valour. The former are transient, caused, maybe, by believing that everything unknown must be "magnificent," that is to say, overwhelming, when actually it is nothing of the sort, and, when experienced, turns out to be just ordinary and quite possibly cheap. "Nerves" are almost invariably the fruit of a too-lively imagination backed by ignorance and lack of confidence. There are many who are hyper-efficient manufacturers of nerves, and they can be roughly divided into two classes: (1) those who make them under their own steam, the too-imaginative; and (2) those whose mission in life seems to be to create nerves in others by spreading their own infection far and wide. These people can be, and usually are, of the "Mind-you-don't-get-your-feet-wet!" order, or of the "I-wouldn't-ride-the-brute-for-all-the-gold-in-Golconda" class. If you are weak enough to listen to either of them, you may absorb the nerves bacillus with which they are reeking. Personally, I have found that it is a mistake to listen to a single word they say, especially where the latter is concerned, for you ought to remind yourself that he is the kind of artist who could not ride one side of a clothes-horse. You can reduce that to any terms you like. The fussy are accountable for a good half of the nerves.

(Concluded on page 116)



The Ranelagh Sailing Club's 12-ft. dinghy race took place recently on the Thames at Putney. This picture shows competitors returning from the first round



Lt.-Cdr. Fish hoists the mainsail. He is in the United States Naval Reserve and comes from Boston



Mrs. J. Heath, wife of the Club secretary, and Mrs. J. Kimber, wife of the assistant secretary, prepare their dinghy



Many officers on leave enjoyed the day's sport on the Thames. F/Lt. B. A. Leigh does some last-minute adjustments

## Competitors in the Ranelagh Sailing Club's Dinghy Race at Putney

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

### All Sorts

THEY may be found in all walks of life, such as owners for whom you may ride, whippers-in, who get a pack of hounds into a state of hysteria, or in just the plain "Lily," who is really afraid of getting his feet wet, and absolutely prefers to run about the world with cotton-wool in his ears and a cough-drop in his mouth. "You get on my nerves!" is no empty phrase, for these persons are "carriers," and would be just as capable of handing you a packet of the plague or cholera bacillus as they are of plastering you with the fuss germ. But nerves, as has been said, are only transient, and, again speaking from personal experience, I say that invariably they vanish upon personal contact with a non-infected person, or with your own inner consciousness, which, if it is worth anything at all tells you that the fussier



Johnson

### A Group at a Radio School in the Home Counties

Front row: Capt. H. D. Latting, U.S.A., S/Ldr. A. Pharaoh-Band, Air Vice-Marshal J. R. Cassidy, Air Vice-Marshal V. H. Tait, C.B., O.B.E. (Director-General of Signals, R.A.F.), W/Cdr. C. H. Stewart, Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.C. (C-in-C, T.T.C.), Air Vice-Marshal G. B. A. Baker, C.B.E., D.S.C., S/O. J. D. A. Barnet, F/O. J. Ray. Back row: F/Lt. B. L. Page, F/Lt. D. R. Norman, F/O. Sergison, F/O. L. W. Barber, P/O. E. Mason, F/O. C. M. Hall, F/O. J. G. Crawford, F/O. L. F. H. Woodcock, F/Lt. R. C. Keith-Smith, F/O. R. Wilding, F/O. A. B. Ball, F/O. E. J. Adkins, P/O. E. M. Stitches, F/O. T. A. B. Cooper, S/O. M. F. B. Beretta



D. R. Stuart

### Oxford's Women's Swimming Team

Above are the members of the Oxford University Women's Swimming Team: In front: Jane Thomas (captain), Patricia Boyd. Behind: Joan Thornton, Patricia Wood, Joyce Lloyds

is a silly ape and that you should rely upon your own knowledge and common sense. There is a terrific lot in animal magnetism. Anyone who has ever ridden races, and particularly those who have tempted Fate and the undertaker, Steeplechasing, will know that the moment they have been thrown up into the saddle, all the nerves set going by the gabby owner or the fussy trainer, who have said, "Get home, for the love of Mike; we've got a packet on!"—just melt-like snow in the Bad Place, and that there is no one quite so cool in the whole gallery as yourself.

### Contrariwise

Loss of, or lack of, nerve, on the other hand, is quite another pair of shoes. Everyone is not cast in the mould of an Achilles or a Hector, and it is not their fault if this happens to be the way of it. I am sure that our friends the doctors will tell us that absence of nerve is a most difficult thing to tackle, but I am equally sure that The Faculty, if it were quite

terse about it, would boil its diagnosis down to one word, "tummy." There are more nerves to the square inch in that misused kitbag than in any other part of the human body. It may never be possible to make a hero out of a person who was born a "bowlful of quivering curds," but I am certain that, give him the right lead and environment, it is possible to put in something that will prevent lack of nerve from turning into that dangerous thing, panic. It demands the best possible "hands" to do this. If A sees that B is not in a twitter when things are edgy, it is fairly long odds-on that he will get back on to an even keel. If, on the other hand, A is with C, who is the sort of person who meets his bridges more than half-way, and who starts to run when he would be far better advised to walk, then A will fly off the handle for a certainty and be capable of any kind of stupidity. He would give his ears not to panic, and if he is with B he won't, but if he is with C...



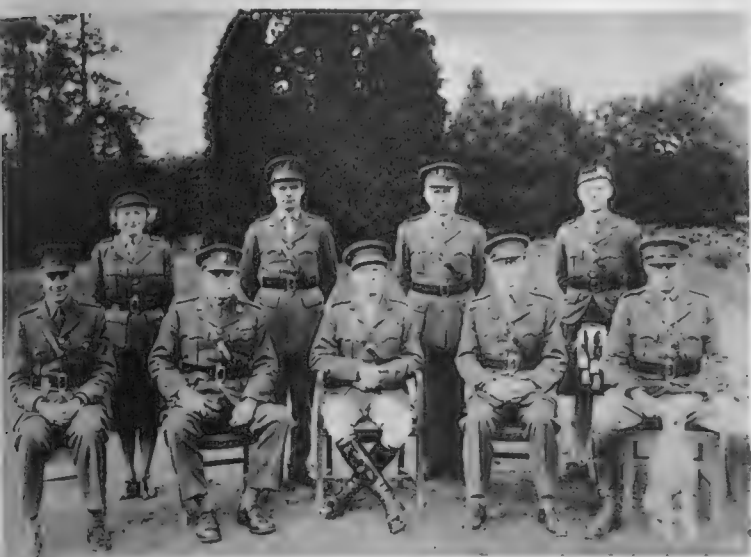
### Cricket: An M.C.C. XI. v. Dulwich College

The M.C.C. declared at 176 for six wickets when they met Dulwich College, their opponents making 86 runs. Playing for the M.C.C. were—Sitting: N. J. D. Moffat, J. B. Marriott, C. S. Marriott (captain), P. E. Murray-Willis, Col. G. H. M. Cartwright. Standing: H. S. Mather, H. Stirling, A. W. Davidson, D. C. S. Ball, G. L. Turney, T. B. G. Welsh



D. R. Stuart

At the time of playing the M.C.C., Dulwich XI., seen here, were unbeaten in public school matches, having defeated Harrow, Beaumont, Malvern and Haileybury and I. S. College. In front: A. V. Hughes, J. P. Sleer. Sitting: A. C. Hemming, D. C. Fuller, G. D. Evans (captain), O. J. Wait, I. D. F. Coutts. Standing: J. A. C. Bentall, R. M. Mumford, D. S. Spink, R. D. Gill, M. J. H. Brown (scorer)



### Officers of a Staff H.Q. in the North of England

Sitting: Major P. A. Sellars, Lt.-Col. F. Robinson, Col. A. E. Hawkins, Majors W. H. Lawson, A. S. C. Browne. Standing: J/Cdr. M. E. Lawson, Capt. D. H. Wright, S. Pick, W. MacMillan

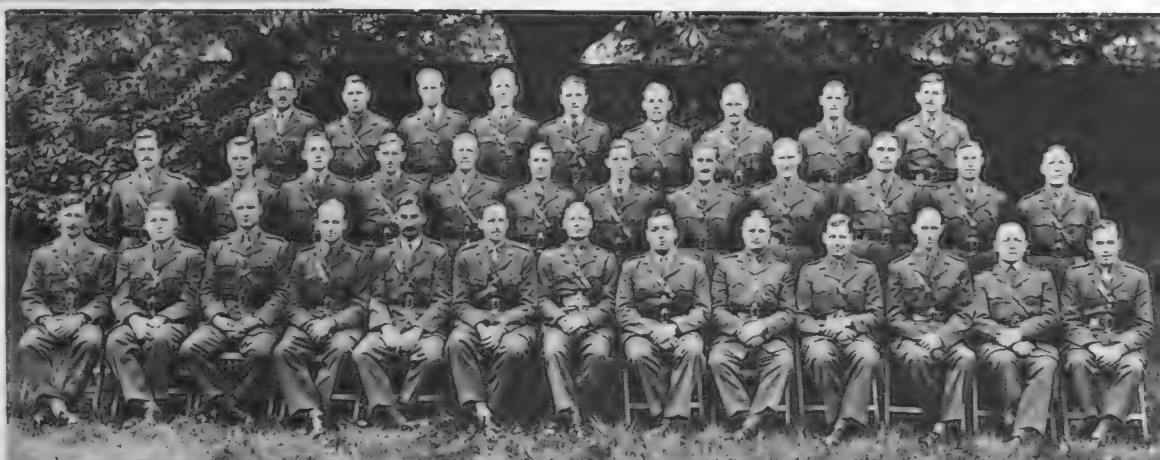


### Instructors and Officers of a Signals Course

D. R. Stuart

Front row, sitting: Lts. D. V. Morgan, R. G. Addis, D.S.C., W. R. Wells, D.S.C., Lt.-Cdrs. P. Hankey, D.S.C., E. T. L. Dunsterville, Lts. J. E. Poulton, M.B.E., the Marquess of Milford Haven, O.B.E., D.S.C., A. R. Barrow, H. Jeary, D.S.C. Second row: C.P.O. Tel. G. F. Pay, Lts. D. E. Ashmore, D.S.C., P. Janowski, P.N., I. C. Macintyre, G. M. Roake, S. M. Ahsan, D.S.C., C. Y. S. Larnier. Third row: Lts. H. H. Rodler, M. A. Buxton, R. W. P. Yates, J. H. Toon

## On Active Service



### Officers of a Battalion of the Herefordshire Regiment

Front row: Capt. R. P. Barneby, E. K. Hole, R.A.M.C., R. Fripp, Majors A. J. W. Phillips, H. H. Barneby, G. R. Turner Cain, the Commanding Officer, Capt. G. Knyvett-Hoff, Majors W. A. P. Crofts, J. F. Croome, Capt. G. H. Lloyd, T. C. R. Bryant (Q.M.), W. B. Holding. Middle row: Lts. F. W. Symonds, L. Forges, G. Hopkinson, A. R. Wardman, D. M. Gooderidge, S. J. Withey, N. A. Powley, R. L. Pickering, S. H. Boddy, E. A. Martin, C. W. Criddle, C. M. Mason. Back row: Lt. C. P. Woolcott, Capt. R. C. Cowan, Lt. R. B. Hesketh, Capt. R. W. Lench, Lts. S. J. Glyde, F. B. Creamer, J. G. Roberts, E. L. Mills, A. J. Spittal

### Officers of the Instructional and Administrative Staff, 164th Infantry O.C.T.U.

Front row: J/Cdr. C. P. Heelis, Rev. H. A. Parry, M.C., B.A., C.F., R.A.Ch. Dept., Majors K. G. Grierson, Lord Davies, Capt. A. A. Bareford, Major F. H. Brunton, M.C., Lt.-Col. T. W. G. Stansfeld, D.S.O., Capt. K. G. Hollebone, Major (Q.M.) J. H. Rowsell, Bt., Majors F. R. Williams, M.B.E., T. Hough, P. P. Rowlands, Sub. J. M. Eckes. Second row: Capt. H. R. Kellas, J. R. Robinson, W. A. Pratchett, F. S. Benthall, H. K. Mercer, 2nd Sub. M. Dickinson, Capt. L. L. Thomson, B. G. Harry, E. H. F. Watts, J. B. Renny, A. Sinclair, M.C. Third row: Capt. M. Macalister-Hall, M.C., A. F. Porter-Smith, J. Cowan, T. P. S. Price, C. N. Cross, M.C., J. M. G. Millard, D. T. Duffy, D. W. Beales, D. D. S. Stokes. Back row: Capt. B. A. Odell, R. T. Elliott, R. J. Milne, J. W. Childe, D. J. Edwards, G.M., D. M. G. Barry, W. J. Blair



### Officers of an R.A.S.C. Training School

Right, front row: Majors A. C. Barker-Bennett, L. A. Temple, L. B. Proctor, M.C., Capt. L. B. Page (Adj.), Lt.-Cols. L. Cromwell (Commandant), H. T. Wheeler (Chief Instructor), Majors J. P. Oliver, W. E. English, K. W. Leaver. Second row: Capt. J. W. Peck, 2nd Sub. J. E. C. Frost, Subs. J. Dewe, D. A. Scott, J/Cdr. R. E. D. Batten, Capt. A. English, R.A.M.C., 2nd/Sub. I. M. Curwen, Capt. G. S. Lill, D. A. Duff. Third row: Capt. F. B. W. R. Garnett, A. W. Howden, A. D. Johns, J. Pigott, C. H. Bell, T. Garner, J. R. F. Daw, M. B. Phillips, C. E. Haywood. Back row: Lts. T. S. Reid, R. J. Rumbell, W. C. Velvin, T. W. Gennell, R.A.M.C., W. F. Smith, T. E. Roberts, A. T. Ledbrook, R. J. Clare

# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Great Story

ALEXANDER WERTH'S *Leningrad*. (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.) is a great story—and also, in many ways, appropriate to the month of its appearance in England. Here we are given a close-up picture of a city carrying on, in all departments, its life under bombardment, to which is added the effects of what was to be, in all, twenty-nine months of blockade and semi-blockade. We have terror, grandeur—and equanimity. Mr. Werth's treatment of his subject could rank with one of the greater Soviet films. He was the only British newspaper correspondent to be in Leningrad while the German threat to the city was still extremely grave. The main part of his book describes five days in September 1943; though a final chapter devotes itself to the author's more recent visit, in February 1944.

St. Petersburg, "the Venice of the North," was in origin Imperial, aristocratic. It represented Peter the Great's departure from the old traditions of barbaric Muscovy—it was, in fact, his "window upon Europe." But St. Petersburg, it was whispered, was raised upon human bones. Now, as Leningrad, it is being defended by the descendants of those who perished in its building. The free people of Leningrad cherish, with almost religious fervour, the beauties—palaces, statues, gardens, bridges—bequeathed to them by the old order, by which they broke. This in itself could be dramatic enough.

And Mr. Werth's book would be of enough importance were it to be no more than the release, to Britain, of the whole story of the heroic Leningrad stand. It happens, however, to be a good deal more—for one thing, an account of one kind of return home. For Mr. Werth was not only born in (the then) St. Petersburg, but spent his childhood and much of his adolescence there. The renamed city to which he returned, after more than twenty-five years, thus spoke direct to his senses, imagination and heart. He arrived, by air from Moscow, in September 1943, in the official role of a correspondent who had been given special facilities. But he admits—and this honesty gives his book, throughout, a double and non-topical interest—that more personal feelings stirred in him, below the surface. The St. Petersburg of his memories—with its comfort and gaiety, lighted streets and luxury shops—was, of course, in the material sense, gone. Not only war and siege but, before that, revolution and its austere changes had left their mark on all that he used to know. Bleak, grim, chipped, scarred, Soviet Leningrad now confronted its enemy across narrow water. Mr. Werth, dropped into the heart of this from the skies, did not allow private nostalgias to waste his time. Yet... St. Petersburg waited for him round every Leningrad corner. And for my own part, I like him all the better for that.

## The Spirit

NO, *Leningrad*, as the book stands, could not have been written by a complete outsider—however observant, however intelligent. Mr. Werth was able to put to immediate use the background of local knowledge with which he came. He is clearly aware of—to the point of sharing—the St. Petersburg-Leningrad temperament—something apart and distinct from that of the rest of Russia. For instance, St. Petersburg had, and Leningrad keeps, a patronising attitude towards Moscow—for contrasts between these two cities, see *War and Peace*. In a form at once naïve and sublime, St. Petersburg's old bent to the elegant persists in Leningrad. Perfumes were manufactured throughout the siege; in the worst winter (1941-42), women continued to make up their poor, starved faces, and little girls sported vast bows of hair-ribbon. Leningrad bookshops, at the time of Mr. Werth's visit, might have been the envy of the most fortunate peacetime capital. During the deadly cold, when there was no fuel, not a tree in the Summer Gardens was cut down, and the Ballet continued, dancing in its fur coats.

By September 1943, Leningrad's grimmest days were behind her—but far from being forgotten. Mr. Werth has transcribed the stories he heard from many lips—of how every soul in the city not only rose up, but went out to defend her; how women and children dug trenches, under continuous fire, with bleeding hands; how the factory workers' army held the German advance; how civilians submitted without a murmur to the death-spelling cutting-down of their rations in order that the Army



## Mr. Shaw Has His Portrait Painted

A new painting of Mr. George Bernard Shaw has just been completed by his neighbour, Mrs. Clare Winsten, who has three portraits in the Royal Academy this year. Apparently Mr. Shaw was so pleased with the portrait that he has given twenty-five sittings

might be fed; how, in winter '41-'42, when cold and famine were taking a still heavier toll than the bombardment, people worked till they actually felt death's hand on them, then staggered round, before dying, to bid good-bye to their fellow-workers and friends.

## Total Resistance

THE nearness of the Leningrad front to Leningrad city was a constant factor in life there. Mr. Werth found the sun shining, with symbolic brightness, on the autumn trees, and a breeze whipping the dark-blue water. Cheerful crowds, as of old, thronged the Nevsky. In the Astoria Hotel, raddled old Anna Andrievna chatted, with relish, over her vodka of the scandals of the good-timing Imperial days. In the drawing-rooms of the big Kamenny Island villas, now rest-homes, young girls waltzed and played cards among caryatids and mirrors; in the Pioneer Palace children acted and sang. In the Kirov works (that munition and armament factory in the firing-line, in which every moment meant intense danger) Mr. Werth saw, in the foundries, just such schoolgirls as he had seen at Kamenny. . . . Intermittently, throughout all this, the German shelling was going on. Mr. Werth visited schools, factories, hospitals, clubs, a great library. He dined with the Leningrad writers' circle (at the cost of a hangover) and talked with the Mayor. But I am not sure that the most poignant of his impressions were not those gathered in chatting with odd people, or wandering through the streets. The driver of his car (who had been in Leningrad "since the start") said: "It's good to be heroes, but we could all do with a spot of ordinary living."

(Concluded on page 120)

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

TWO enormous faces gazing at each other as vacantly as if

By Richard King

they were looking at a brick wall; a first kiss, to which the girl submits passionately and then slaps the young man's face; a final kiss which seems to last so long that one feels like getting up and shouting "Time, please!"—that, according to Hollywood, is the full and comprehensive expression of love.

Nevertheless, in spite of the fact that the theme—boy meets girl—permeates 95 per cent. of the films, even those laid during total war in a tropical jungle, I am still puzzled by the fact that the love interest never carries the least conviction; that it is just about as convincing as the glamorous suggestions of a squander-bug to a man who has that morning received his Income-Tax Demand. In fact, I am usually as little carried away by it as I am by the super-cheerful, chins-up, tails-wagging exhortations of American preachers on the American radio, who always seem so pleased by the opportunity thus offered to give God a jolly good chunk of publicity.

The only film I remember recently to have seen wherein love did at least appear real and moving was an English film called *Millions Like Us*. By its deliberate understatement it was more poignant than a million miles of Hollywood's passionate flamboyancy.

Yet I fear I may be wrong. The other day an otherwise sensible woman of my acquaintance was so overcome by the

film version of a famous love-story of the 'sixties that she had to wring her

blouse out when she got home. I saw the film myself, but instead of being overcome I was outraged. The heroine of the novel was a governess, poor and plain. Hollywood sent her forth in dresses which can never have cost less than fifteen guineas even in the 'sixties. Far from being plain, she was as pretty as a strawberry sundae. While all the time one felt that the only thing she could teach anybody would be how to run down your man by the technique of being a quiet little mousy-pousy.

The original story has a certain wild grandeur about it; in the film version it came out like a bit of fancy-dress charade. What did it matter, though? The theatre was packed by women—nearly all sobbing happily. Artificial it might be; mush it undoubtedly was. Nevertheless, they swam and bobbed up and down in it as blissfully as if it were all happening to themselves—or wished it might. And when the comic-relief film which followed showed a fat man sitting down, as everybody could see he would sooner or later, on the chair which had only one good leg, they laughed as if the incident were totally unexpected.

At which the thought struck me that, although now super-glorified, the appeal of the penny novelette still lives on and the spirit of *Comic Cuts* will never die. And even a hundred million per annum spent on education won't kill either.

# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



*De Butts—Halsey*

*Lt.-Col. Frederick Manus De Butts, The Somerset Light Infantry, only son of Col. F. C. De Butts, of Glencaly, Co. Wicklow, and of the late Mrs. De Butts, married Miss Evelyn Cecilia Halsey, youngest daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Halsey, of Gaddesden Place, Hemel Hempstead, at Great Gaddesden Church*



*Pugh—  
Beckwith-Smith*

*Capt. John Lewellyn Pugh, U.S.A.A.F., and Miss Rosemary Honor Beckwith-Smith were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy. The bride is the elder daughter of the late Major-Gen. Merton Beckwith-Smith and of Mrs. Beckwith-Smith, of The Manor House, Stratton Audley, Bicester*



*Kingcome—Poland*

*Right: Lt. (E.) John Parken Kingcome, R.N., son of Eng. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. John Kingcome, of 10, Sydney Place, Bath, and Miss Karin Barbara Poland, daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. John R. Poland, of The Homestead, Seal, Kent, were married at Seal Parish Church*



*Michell—Napier*

*Lt. Richard Burgess Michell, D.S.C., R.N., elder son of Cdr. Kenneth Michell, D.S.O., M.V.O., D.S.C., R.N., of 50, Campden Hill Square, W., married Miss Myrtle Eleanor Napier, daughter of the late Lt. J. A. Napier, 4th Dragoon Guards, of Edinburgh, at the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Ewhurst, Surrey*



*McGregor—Tomkinson*

*F/O. Walter Kenneth McGregor, D.F.C., R.C.A.F., only son of Mr. and Mrs. William McGregor, of Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada, and Miss Helen Violet Tomkinson, elder daughter of the late Major C. W. Tomkinson and Mrs. Tomkinson, of Willington Hall, Tarporley, Cheshire, were married at St. Giles' Oxford*

*D. R. Stuart*



*Kirwan-Taylor—Sands*

*Lt.-Col. John Kirwan-Taylor, Rifle Brigade, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor, and Mrs. Marian Sands, of 15 Trevor Street, S.W., daughter of the late George Sims and of Mrs. Albert Stephens, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office*

## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

## Supporters of the Appeal

AMONG those supporting Lady Sinclair in her appeal are Lady Portal, wife of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal, Lady Babington, wife of Air Marshal Sir Philip Babington, both of whom are hard workers for the Comforts Fund; the Air Chaplain-in-Chief, Air Commodore Jagoe, Air Marshal Douglas Colyer, Assistant of Air Staff Plans, Air Vice-Marshal Douglas Harries, Air Marshal Sir Bertine Sutton, member of the Air Council for Personnel, and Lord Swinton, a former Secretary of State for Air.

More and more helpers are needed; if you can spare any time, will you register with the R.A.F. Comforts Committee, 42, Berkeley Square, London, W.1? The Comforts Department will supply the wool, but the garment must be returned to the Department for distribution when completed.

## Round About

AMONG visitors to London during the past few weeks have been Lord and Lady Dunglass and the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow. Lord Dunglass is the Earl of Home's son and heir and married Elizabeth Alington, only daughter of the Dean of Durham, a former Headmaster of Eton, in 1936. While in London the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow were accompanied by their daughter-in-law, Lady Hopetoun, and their small granddaughter, Lady Mary Hope. On one occasion I noticed Lady Mary lunching alone with her grandparents. She behaved beautifully, and it was an entrancing sight



Opening of a British Welfare Club in Suffolk

This group was taken in front of the historic Guildhall at Lavenham, Suffolk, after the opening of the club, which will be run by the W.V.S. The club was equipped by a generous donation from the British War Relief Society of North Carolina. In the picture: Lt.-Col. S. E. L. Baddeley, Miss Mary Gray, Major Russell Fisher, Mrs. Weller Poley, Mr. R. P. Winfrey, Lord Belstead, Mrs. Widdicombe, Lady Belstead, Mrs. Prior Palmer and Major Adelbert D. Cross

to see this tiny figure firmly reaching up and holding her very tall grandfather's hand as they left the restaurant, stopping for a moment at the table of Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple Champneys on their way out.

Others around on that occasion were Major Charles Taylor, M.P., the Member for Eastbourne, with Mr. Gervais Tennyson d'Eyncourt; Mrs. Scott-Miller, who was down for a few days from her home in Cambridgeshire, where she works for the W.V.S.; Miss Georgine Wernher in V.A.D. uniform; and Lady Anne Hunloke, also in uniform.

## Recent Wedding

LESS than a month after their first meeting, Mrs. H. N. Clegg, widow of Lt. H. N. Clegg, R.N., has been married to Mr. Windsor Holden White. Mrs. White is a kinswoman of the Earl of Denbigh; she is the daughter of the late Sir Charles Fielding, K.B.E., and sister-in-law of Gen. Sir Hastings Ismay, Chief of Staff to Mr. Churchill. For the past three years she has been working for the Royal Naval War Libraries, and has helped to organise many of their most important functions. Her marriage will not interfere with her work with the Libraries, and within a few days of the wedding Mrs. White was back at her desk. Her husband comes from Washington, D.C., and Cleveland, Ohio. He is a well-known polo player and the owner of the most famous fox-terrier kennels in U.S.A. At the moment he is in London as Liaison Officer between the British and American Censorship.

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

## Soldier's Dreams

NO country is like the country of a soldier's dreams when he is on active service. There is no place like home; but a subtle truth not generally read into that sentimental commonplace is only discoverable when the wanderer returns. There is no place like home. Home is not a place, but a prayer; and like most prayers, it is an invocation which is rarely answered. . . . Every woman interested should face herself with the fact that a returned soldier is not the same man whom she knew and loved before he went away; and what is equally important, nor is she the same woman. War is not routine experience, it is a cataclysm. . . .

These are two extracts from the disturbing wisdom of Chris Massie's novel, *Pity My Simplicity* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.). It is a novel most appropriate to to-day, when some of us realise that the prospect of peace is, in itself, an awe-inspiring one. Mr. Massie's hero, Maurice Quinton, was, actually, a soldier of the last war, and his difficult adjustments after 1918 are recollected (for the story is in the first person) down a perspective of time, but are none the less vividly seen for that. *Pity My Simplicity* achieves a noble originality, in spite of having built up its plot on two themes so popular as to be almost hackneyed—that of a man writing love-letters, on behalf of an inarticulate friend, to the friend's girl, and thereby building up for her an illusion that real life must be certain to disappoint; and that of a love-affair or marriage with someone who has lost their memory and knows nothing about their own past.

Maurice Quinton's young friend, Arthur Morgan, while home on leave from France, marries the girl, Phoebe, who has been won for him by the eloquence of Maurice's letters. Arthur, upon his return to France, is killed. Maurice, who has never met Phoebe, and who is engaged to Helen, becomes and remains obsessed with the idea of Phoebe, and feels in some way bound up with her fate. Restless and vacant, in England when war is over, he inherits a house in the Essex flatlands, goes to live there and breaks with Helen. Everything that should be "normal" seems unreal. Attempting to trace Phoebe to her address, he finds that some sinister mystery seems to hang over her disappearance from Meadow Farm. In London, he is guided by two Bloomsbury girl-friends to the lovely, extraordinary "Singleton," who is their protégée. Singleton is Phoebe Morgan—but does not know it: a ghastly experience, involving a murder trial, has blotted out former memories. Between these two, Maurice and Singleton, estranged from everyday life, love springs up: their married life in the lonely Essex house is an escape, a fairy-tale, always with tragic implications. The end must come—and it does. As old Miss Cromwell says of Singleton: "But she was not a woman, Maurice, and you must let her go. You will love again . . . more wisely, perhaps, if not so well. . . ." This is the first Chris Massie novel that I have read. I shall now look for his others. He is a novelist of most unusual power.

## Mrs. Christie

GATHA CHRISTIE, acknowledged mistress, by now, of the detective-story in this country, never rests on her laurels. The delectable lightness of her style, the crispness of her dialogue and the apparent lack of effort with which she creates character, may conceal the sheer hard brainwork behind her stuff. The craftsmanship of her novels, as novels, apart from their mystery-interest, commands admiration. Her latest, *Towards Zero* (Crime Club; 7s. 6d.), works out a fascinating idea—that of a number of characters, unknown to one another, unconsciously "all converging towards a given spot. . . . And then when the time comes—over the top! *Zero Hour*. Yes, all of them converging towards zero. . . ."

So says Mr. Treves, in the first chapter, to a group of lawyers around the fire at his club. "I like a good detective-story," states Mr. Treves, "but, you know, they begin in the wrong place! They begin with the murder. But the murder is the end. The story begins long before that . . . with all the causes and events that bring certain people to a certain place at a certain time on a certain day."

*Towards Zero* is, therefore, written on this principle. Ironically, poor Mr. Treves himself perishes (though he is not the principal victim), due to a series of small chances that bring him across the murderer's path. . . . The scene of the main action is a cliff-side house, Gulls' Point, overlooking an estuary. Over Lady Tressilian's September house-party—which includes Neville Strange, his present wife and his ex-wife—hangs a feeling of tension for more than sufficient reasons. How MacWhirter, the solitary Scot, and Sylvia, the schoolgirl, are to play their parts in the story, we do not see till the end. A too clever headmistress's mishandling of a sensitive pupil serves to give Superintendent Battle an important psychological clue.

## Do They Make the Man?

CLOTHES THROUGH THE AGES" (Quality Press; 10s.) is an excellent little history of male attire, illustrated by a series of coloured plates that begin with the Stone Age and end with a rather thin citizen in a 'Utility suit and correct tin hat. Mark Labovitch, who wrote it, is a leading authority on the textile industry; the book is as well-informed as it is engaging. And it is a book to buy, for the net proceeds from the sale of the first edition are to go to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund—as Chairman of whose Council Lord Riversdale contributes a Foreword. I particularly liked King Edward VII.'s remark when he met, at Ascot, the late Lord Harris wearing a bowler hat. "Mornin' Harris," said His Majesty. "Goin' rattin'?"



means

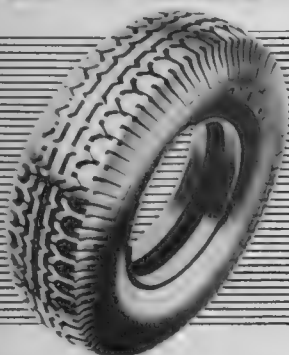
# RADIO

and Television too!

KOLSTER-BRANDES LIMITED · FOOTSCRAY · KENT

## DON'T

overload or under-inflate



Check loads. Watch tyre pressures. Go slow on rough roads. Halt before tyres over-heat. Keep left—but don't scrape kerbs.

Keep loads below the maximum. Keep tyres up to recommended pressure. It is as important as ever to save tyres from undue wear or strain.

## NORTH BRITISH

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED  
RW/TII

## The Windak suit in use . . . No. 4

SGT SGT 2nd Lt.  
90 R.N. Sea Queen  
Numbly.

Dear Sirs

I would very much like you to know that after ditching returning from an 'Op' my life was saved by one of your 'ayfuits'\*, as when I woke up after being knocked out by the impact and thrown from the Rear Turret. I recovered consciousness floating 'good like up' in the water at 17.10 hrs on the 12.8.43 and am now thankfully recovering from the after effects

\* Officially known as SUIT BUOYANT.

## Letter from a rear gunner

—relating to the Buoyant properties of the WINDAK flying suit. A special collar pad keeps the head above water; breast pads keep the wearer right side up; knee pads support the legs . . . WINDAK also provides comfort, freedom of movement, quick release in emergency, ventilation, electric heating, ample pocket room.



WINDAK Suits incorporate features covered by Irvin Patent No. 407445 and others BAXTER, WOODHOUSE & TAYLOR, LTD., Queen's Buildings, Stockport, Cheshire

# HOLIDAYS ON THE LAND



Conolly

The spirit of 1944—to work even while we play—is typified by these two young things spending their brief leave helping the farmers. The girl on the left is wearing beautifully tailored trousers of finely checked tweed. The original button-up flap-fastening is an idea borrowed from the boys of the British Navee, hitherto exclusive to that most enchanting of uniforms—the bell-bottoms. Above slacks she wears a blue flannel long-sleeved shirt, and because she is fair and her skin is sensitive to the sun a check scarf of fine wool. The trousers, £3 2s. 1d.; the shirt, £4 11s. 0d.; the scarf, 5s. 1d. Her companion has chosen navy flannel for her slacks. She wears them with a striped flannel shirt and an emerald woollen scarf. The slacks, zip fastening, £1 14s. 3d., the shirt, £4 19s. 5d.; the scarf, 6s. 7d. From Jaeger shops around the country



## An Apology

The famous "Powder-Puff design" known by millions of women throughout the world as the symbol of Perfect Face Powder can no longer be printed because of its gay multiplicity of colours. (It will return like other pleasant things when Victory is won).

We have had two "Special Packs," with our "Powder-Puff design" since the War began. Stocks of these will soon be exhausted and we are now presenting a third Temporary Model, as illustrated, the contents of which (in spite of its "Spartan simplicity") are of pre-war quality and perfection.

No change whatsoever has occurred in the formula or processing, and the ingredients employed are of the original high standard of purity.

BEWARE of "Air Spun" offered loose, or in any other form of pack than the three mentioned above. They can only be imitations.

The necessities of war must for the time being limit the production of Coty Air Spun and other Beauty aids which have thrilled the world of women, but we are confident the time is now within sight when we hope the removal of restrictions will enable Coty to provide all the indispensable aids to Beauty.



*Coty* **AIR SPUN**  
THE POWDER THAT STAYS ON

CI28

TRADE MARK  
**'Celanese'**

makes good  
use of  
Coupons



War has stripped fashion of "frills and furbelows". But war cannot take away from women their love of beautiful things. Happily this desire for beauty can still be satisfied by Lingerie in 'Celanese'. For, though restrictions ban lace and embroidery, the 'Celanese' Fabrics are still very lovely.



LF205

# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A MAN had a ticket in a big sweepstake. When the time came for the draw he said to his wife: "If any letter arrives, come at once to the factory and ask for me; don't wait until I get home."

About three o'clock that afternoon one of his work-mates told him his wife was outside and wanted him, so going up to the foreman he hit him on the jaw and told him what he thought of him. When he saw the manager he did the same to him. When he saw the timekeeper he knocked him down and punched him and told him that that was for locking him out a time or two. When he saw his wife outside he said: "Well, Mary, what have I drawn?"

"Drawn?" said his wife. "Why, you've drawn nothing. I've just brought your tea and sugar. You forgot them this morning."

JONES, a raw recruit doing his first guard, was given explicit instructions by the N.C.O. He was told to shoulder arms to a lieutenant or captain, present arms to a major or colonel, and to turn out the guard once a day to the C.O.

Jones duly carried out all that was expected of him, and, quite thinking he had done enough for the day, took no notice when an elderly man in uniform approached his post.

Much put out, the elderly man went up to Jones and said:

"What might you be?"

"Oh, I'm a bit of a sentry," was the reply. "What might you be?"

"Oh," said the elderly man, "I'm a bit of a general."

"Ah," said Jones, "the N.C.O. told me about all the others, but he didn't say anything about a general. I suppose you want something big." And he forthwith proceeded to give the bayonet exercise!

HE was a beginner at golf, and like most beginners had managed one magnificent drive during the round. He then proceeded to bore the whole of the occupants of the club lounge with it.

"Wasn't that drive a marvel, George?" he asked a friend for the sixth time.

"Yes," replied George, bitterly, "it's a pity you can't take it home and have it stuffed!"

THE farmer had accumulated a fair-sized nest-egg, and decided he ought to make a will. So he went to a lawyer and said: "I want to leave all my brass, house and stock to my good wife, so you just write it all out plain for me."

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "What is your wife's name?"

The farmer thought for a while, and then had to admit that he couldn't remember it.

The lawyer then had an idea. "Just go to the door and shout upstairs as if you were calling her down," he suggested.

The farmer went to the door, opened it, and roared up the stairs: "Hi! Missus! Missus!"



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Mila Raymonova is to play the leading part of a woman leader of the Underground Movement in Prague in Emil Synek's new play "The Last Stone" which is written round the tragedy of the martyred village of Lidice. The play will be produced in London in the autumn by Edward Stirling of the English Players after a preliminary run in the provinces. Mila Raymonova is a Czech actress of the Prague National Theatre. She is also an accomplished violinist.

BROWN was inducted and sent to a camp to be sent to a W.A.C. (American Women's Army Corps) contingent. After completing his basic training he was given a job as janitor in W.A.C. barracks. Monday went by and one day was summoned to the finance office.

"Brown," said the official in charge, "where have you been for the last few months? You haven't drawn your pay in three months."

"What," asked the soldier, "you mean I get paid, too?"

"Tommy," said the father, "your new little brother has arrived."

"Where did he come from?" asked Tommy.

"From a far-away country."

"H'm," snorted the child, "another foreigner, alien."

THE dear old lady was telling her tale about her day in town. "I met such a pleasant young man in the train," she said. "He offered to give me the winner of the Derby."

"And did he?" asked one, eagerly.

"Of course not, my dear," she replied. "I told him that the chickens take up so much room in the garden that we've no room for a horse."



'Jerssen de Luxe'

model

created by



W. & O. MARCUS LTD. LONDON, W.1. (Wholesale only)

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



The  
discriminating  
Women's choice . . .

**Tango**  
Quality  
**HEADWEAR**

Obtainable from leading milliners



F 372

Provincial  
Enquiries:  
Nicoll Clothes  
13 & 14 GOLDEN SQUARE  
W.1

AGENTS IN  
WEST END

**Nicolls of Regent Street**  
120 Regent Street London W.1 Tel. Regent 1951



**ALL-PURPOSE  
MODEL  
TRAVEL COAT**

Typical of Seigal styling . . . in finest quality Scotch Tweed with neat herring bone design. Note, too, full lining of check tweed for warmth and comfort.

**Seigal**  
MODEL

FROM LEADING FASHION HOUSES EVERYWHERE

**ASSURANCE NOW . . .  
and for tomorrow**

The Dorothy Gray preparations you are using today . . . with such care . . . are identical with those you used in pre-war days. The same fine quality ingredients are blended with the same meticulous care, to exactly the same formulas. Our pride in Dorothy Gray skin-care is such that had we not been able in any particular to maintain our standard, we should have withdrawn the preparations.

**Dorothy Gray**

Dorothy Gray is a Registered Trade Mark

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Then What?

A FRIEND who claims that he is the most bombed-out man in England says that the only reason why he wants to get through the war alive is that he is anxious to see what kind of a mess we make of the peace . . . all of which shows a most undesirable cynicism.

It is indeed hard to foresee the conditions which will prevail when flying bombs have ceased from troubling, Herr Hitler is at rest and the German and Japanese forces are neutralized. Aviation's switch to civilian life will be as drastic as the switch of members of the women's services. Many people have forgotten what a dressed, but un-upholstered, woman looks like. They have become accustomed to the uniform façade, the faked frontage, the much broken sky-line. The United States Army Air Force talk a lot about "curvaceous blondes," but see none—unless it be the ones that are painted on their aircraft.

We have to try and see what part the aeroplane can play when it takes off its military uniform. The more effort we put into this fortune-telling, the better it will be for the British aviation industry. Fortune-telling, when it is concerned with the individual's future, is frowned on and forbidden and visited with dire penalties (not the least of them being the policewoman who acts as provocative agent); but fortune-telling when it is concerned with industrial activities is recognized as the most important of all the business virtues and is cheered like mad by the very men who condemn the other kind. How can we redirect our aeronautical effort so that it may fit the wishes of the people of 1946-47 or thereabouts? My answer is that we must make flying sensually pleasing. It is no good offering merely a saving in time, for that appeals only to the business man and others who are under the mistaken impression that time is money. There must also be offered a positive gain in amenity.

## 42 Squared

SOME indication of the way we should proceed may be had perhaps from the history of the Handley Page 42. It was the most laughed-at aeroplane ever built. It

was one of the slowest aeroplanes for its power. It looked funny and gave great opportunities to the wits who spoke of "built-in" headwinds. But the fact remains that it offered more comfortable air travel than was then available in any other aircraft in the world. And the result was that it was the most sought-after aircraft in the world. All who were honest with themselves preferred to go by Handley Page 42 at the expense of speed, but the gain of comfort. Air France appealed for other, but related reasons. The French company, very rightly making use of France's unequalled, unrivalled reputation in all matters of eating and drinking, offered better fare on the journey than any other line. Its aircraft, were, perhaps, not so conducive to confidence as those of what was then Imperial Airways. But had Imperial Airways managed to combine the comfort and security of its large four-engined biplanes, with the pleasures and luxuries of the table offered by Air France, the kind of air line would have been created which, in my opinion, would have been able to outdistance all others in popularity and commercial success.

And the moral of all this is that one should not forget, when creating aircraft or air lines, that human beings are sentient and, to some extent, sensuous. Do not let us permit the sombre, sordid atmosphere of war to carry over into the peace.

## Brooklands

ANOTHER of the puzzles about post-war flying is the position of the light aeroplane clubs. Will they arise again in the old form? Will they arise in some entirely new form? Will they disappear?



S/Ldr. Michael B. M. Gladych is the holder of gallantry awards from four nations. He holds the British D.F.C.; the American Presidential Citation (8th Air Force) Purple Heart, Silver Star, D.F.C. with cluster and Air Medal with three clusters; the Polish Virtuti Militari, Cross of Valour with two clusters; and the French Croix de Guerre. When the Germans invaded Poland he was with the Polish Air Force; he transferred to the French Air Force and when France fell came to England and joined the Polish Squadron of the R.A.F.

My feeling is that the trend towards club-like activities because the spreading of costs is essential for so many expensive modern activities. In fact I would guess that there might be an extension of the club idea with some form of fly-yourself scheme. Few private people could undertake the servicing, hangarage, maintenance and cleaning of a private aeroplane. And it is to be remembered that a certain amount of this work is compulsory, the standards required being set by the Government. It would be an obvious advantage to collect an aeroplane, all ready, filled up and serviced in accordance with Air Ministry requirements, fly it away and when the trip is over return it without any further obligations.

Modern man hates personal responsibility and likes to hand it all on to the Government. The Government ought to look into it, he says. Or the Government ought to stop it. He never thinks that he, by his own actions, can stop it. With aircraft he will expect the Government to look after him and to see that he does not take excessive risks. He is not the knowledge, he is not the knowledge, he is not the knowledge.

—perhaps—the critical intelligence, to look after himself. Hence we may expect fly-yourself schemes. But for sentimental reasons I would like to see a revival of the old kind of aero club. That is why I want to mention that Captain Duncan Davis of Brooklands is still trying to get in touch with any old members of Brooklands, Northamptonshire, Cinque Ports and South Coast Flying Clubs. He wants to hear about them and he can be got at at Squires Gate, Lytham St. Annes, Lancs. I hope that readers who are interested in the future of flying clubs will write to him. Members of the old Brooklands group will be glad to hear from him.



## KERFOOT'S PHARMACEUTICALS

embody the manufacturing experience of over 80 years

### VAPEX

relieves Colds

### CALCIUM-D

for Calcium Deficiency

### COMPRESSED DRUGS

Tablets of every description

### MEDICATED PASTILLES

for Throat and Chest Affections

Civilian supplies strictly limited.

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co. Ltd.

Vale of Bardley - Lancashire

K16

**Jacqmar**  
PROPAGANDA SCARVES  
the newest designs including  
"Into Battle"  
which bears the badges of  
all the regular regiments of  
the British Army - are now  
obtainable at most of the  
highest class stores  
throughout the country or from  
**Jacqmar**  
16, GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1.



**KODAK FILM**  
is in the skies  
taking "spy pictures" from  
nearly six miles up

Armed with huge precision cameras, our reconnaissance planes streak across enemy skies. They take their pictures from miles up, at hundreds of miles an hour—yet the pictures they take must show every important detail. 'Kodak' Film helps to provide the answer. If you have difficulty in getting 'Kodak' Film please remember the demands of vital war work must come first.



Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

F.15F



**SUPERLATIVE  
QUALITY  
AND DESIGN**

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BEST SHOPS  
HAVE THE VALSTAR "777"  
RAINCOAT - SUPPLIES NOW,  
HOWEVER, ARE STRICTLY LIMITED

**VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, LANC.**

Also at  
314 Regent Street, London, W.1



## Peggy Sage regrets..

... that she can no longer make or sell her famous nail polishes, because many of their ingredients are needed for sterner tasks. When the war is won, Peggy Sage polishes will, of course, be once more available. In the meantime there are limited supplies of Peggy Sage

Paste Polish \* Cuticle Remover \* Cuticle Oil \* Cuticle Cream  
Gardenia Liquid Hand Cream \* Hand Smoother and Softener  
Hand Mask \* Hand Massage

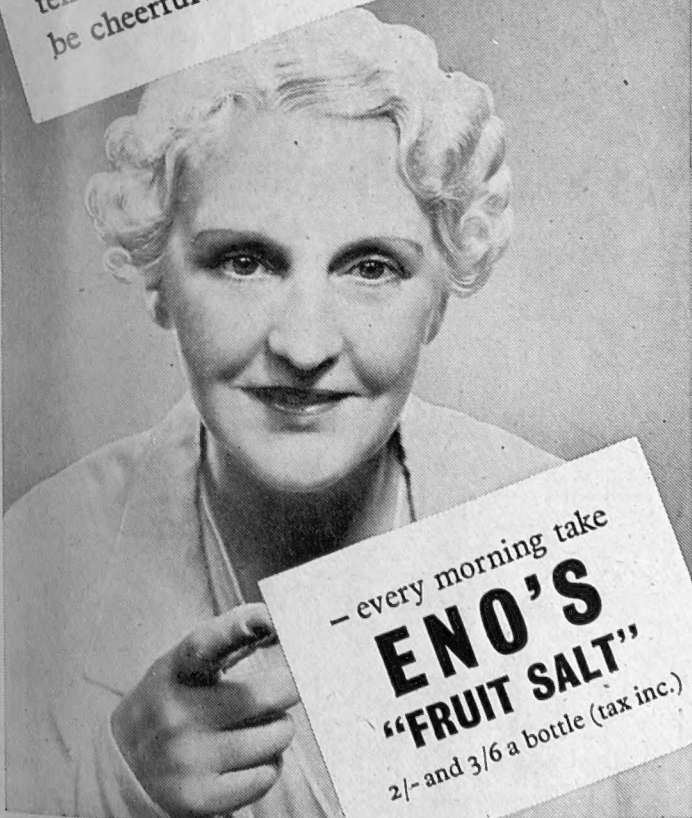
and the Salon remains open to solve the wartime manicure problems of its many clients.

FINGER-TIP *Peggy Sage* SPECIALIST

### SALONS

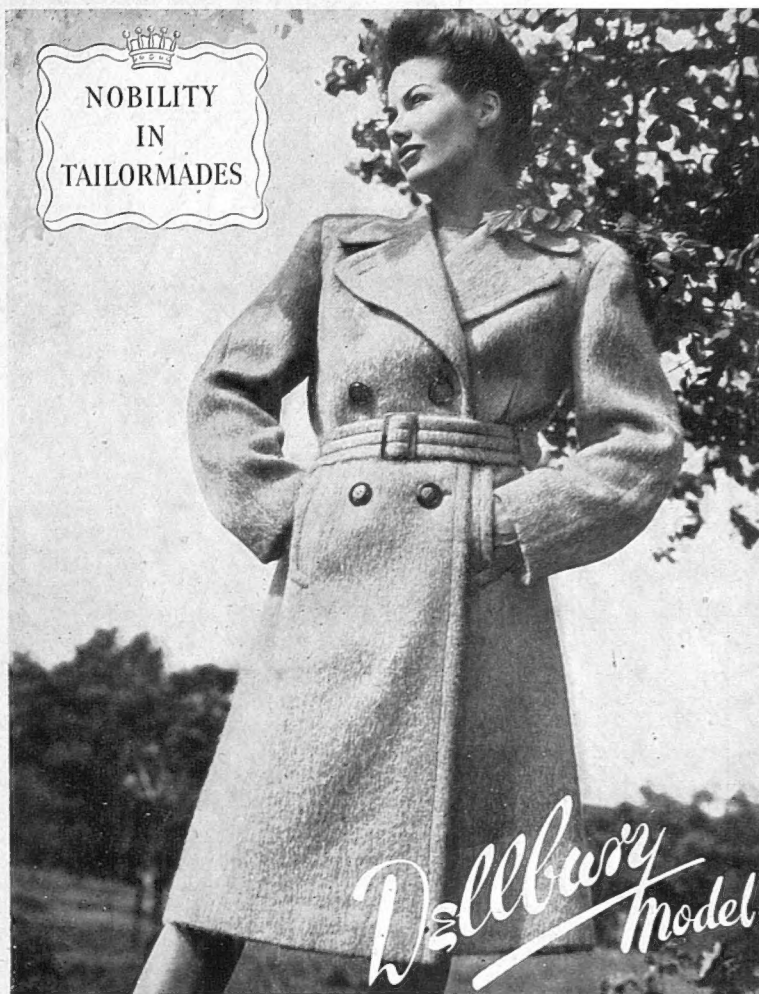
LONDON: 130 NEW BOND ST., W.1 Corner of Grosvenor Street. Telephone MAYFAIR 0396  
NEW YORK: 50 EAST 57TH STREET

Worry is another name  
for poisons in the sys-  
tem. Clear them out and  
be cheerful! This way:



— every morning take  
**ENO'S**  
**"FRUIT SALT"**  
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

NOBILITY  
IN  
TAILORMADES



WHOLESALE: DELLBURY GARMENTS LTD., 3/4A LITTLE PORTLAND STREET, W.1

"JOSCELYN"



A Tomorrow will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY — we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.

*Waukeezi*  
**ORIGINALS**

Each Shoe a Model Shoe — as Exclusive as a Model Gown!

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE COMPANY LIMITED



**Make it  
at home,  
Madam**

says OLD HETHERS

"It's quite easy and what we all used to do. Every tin of Robinson's 'Patent' Barley gives full directions. It's no trouble and cheaper than bottled barley water. As for flavour, if you can't get hold of a lemon or an orange, use the juice of stewed or bottled fruits. Some folks prefer jam."

**Barley Water from  
ROBINSON'S  
'Patent' BARLEY**

LV3-30

*Threads from the loom of time*



### NATIONAL SERVICE

WHEN the Nation rolled up its sleeves to tackle the job of winning the war, Courtaulds were in the front rank of the "war workers."

Courtaulds would like to give you facts and figures demonstrating the size and value of their war effort. At present, however, it must suffice to say that they are active in the service of the

Services. And here you have the reason why the lovely Courtaulds rayons of pre-war days are in short supply. Be assured, however, that in addition to meeting National requirements, Courtaulds technicians are also planning even better and more serviceable rayons to delight you when victory is won.

**COURTAULDS - the greatest name in RAYON**



FOR wartime work and wartime pleasure; for peacetime tasks and peacetime joys—Anne French Cleansing Milk answers your need. For looking your loveliest for his leave; for looking your best at work and rest time, you need Anne French Cleansing Milk. It not only deep cleanses the pores, getting rid of blackheads and other skin blemishes; but it soothes and protects your skin as well. For now and after the War, Anne French Cleansing Milk is more than a toilet luxury; it is a daily necessity.

CLEANSING MILK BY

**Anne French**  
OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

## World Famous

Raincoats and Overcoats for  
Ladies and Gentlemen, also  
Ladies' Tailored Suits

**Aquascutum**

100 REGENT STREET, W.1  
(Piccadilly end) REGent 4114

### STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX INHALANT

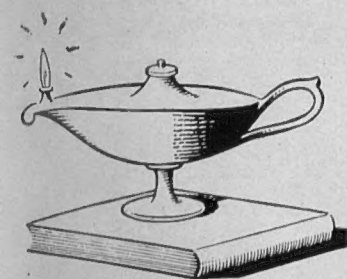
For the safe, quick,  
pleasant relief of  
Colds and Catarrh  
Breathe the Vapour

Of Chemists only  
when available

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.  
Vale of Bardsley, Lancashire



Very much on  
active service  
**AERTEX**  
underwear



*"In the present state of medical knowledge..."*

The modern doctor can afford to admit the limits of medical knowledge for the very reason that it is growing so fast. Take 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic. Science does not worry that it has not yet been able to explain precisely *how* the special combination found in 'Sanatogen' does its work: it is content with the fact that 'Sanatogen' does in fact revitalize exhausted nerves. Ask your chemist for a tin of 'Sanatogen' today.

**'SANATOGEN'**

Regd. Trade Mark

**NERVE TONIC**

*In one size only during war time — 6/6d. (including Purchase Tax).*

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

ESTB. 1742  
**WHITBREAD**  
& CO. LTD.

*Brewers  
of ale and stout  
for over two centuries*

*"Wetherdair . . .  
what a grand job  
of work it is"*



**WET . . WETHER**

**WETHERDAIR**

*A Classic Weather Coat  
for Ladies and Gentlemen*

Like most things these days, Wetherdairs are in short supply and it may mean that you will have to go out of your district to obtain one. If you do, it will be worth the trouble.

Wetherdair Ltd, Bradford and London

**WET . . WETHER . . WETHERDAIR**

**HOW  
DID THE TREE  
GET INTO THE  
BOTTLE ?**



Recently, because of the war emergency, the words "synthetic rubber" have come before the public eye. Yet in actual fact, the first substance resembling the natural rubber that grows in the rubber tree, the first synthetic (or substitute) rubber to come out of the Goodyear laboratories, was produced as long as 17 years ago. And the same painstaking and unwavering application to research which evolved the first cube of synthetic rubber, and which indeed

constitutes the very life-blood of progress itself, is to be found today—as it is always—inside the Goodyear research laboratories.

In the new world that we are all to-day fighting to win—and for which Goodyear is everywhere battling in the front line—Goodyear will continue to play its part. That part, if the Goodyear research scientists have their say, will be the building of a life which will be easier and happier for more and more people.

*Another*

**GOOD YEAR**

*contribution to Progress*

Burlingtons are the perfect alternative to imported Havanas.

Guaranteed made and rolled from the finest imported Havana and other world famous cigar leaf.

**BURLINGTON**  
*Cigars*  
Half Coronas 1/2    Petit Coronas 1/7  
Coronas 2/-  
Obtainable from all High Class Dealers and Stores

**BURLINGTON CIGARS, 173, NEW BOND STREET, W.1**

# NEED REAL VERMOUTH COST YOU MORE?



No—not if it's Votrix. Votrix is the best Vermouth obtainable, equal in quality to any of the formerly imported Continental vermouths. In these times of scarcity it could be sold at more than twice the present price but the producers have no need to do so. Everyone knows that in wartime, price is not always an indication of value. Votrix (sweet or dry) at 8s. 6d. the bottle, is the price of Britain's Best Vermouth.

## VOTRIX VERMOUTH

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier



Traditional quality  
**OLD SCOTCH WHISKY**  
in original OLD FASHIONED  
FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although  
restricted in distribution by scarcity  
of old stocks

**WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON**  
INVERNESS

### CALM and CONFIDENT

Smokers can look with confidence to the calm enjoyment they derive from their old favourite—Player's.

*Player's  
Pleasure*



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO

NCT.52BB



**All in one operation** When an officer comes to us for his uniform we can, if he so wishes, equip him at a single operation with every article of clothing he needs—no detail overlooked and every detail properly co-ordinated. In the saving of time and trouble alone, this counts quite a lot to the man whose free hours are limited. It comes to mean still more when he discovers—as all our customers do discover—that, with all its diversity, the Austin Reed service remains a specialist service in every department.

**AUSTIN REED** of Regent Street  
LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES • LONDON TELEPHONE: REGENT 6708



*Let's see -*

# EDISWAN

*will  
open your eyes!*

ROYAL  
**"EDISWAN"**  
LAMPS

Advertisement of THE EDISON SWAN ELECTRIC CO., LTD.  
155 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2